



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He is greatest who chooses to do right at all times.

The least act of self-renunciation hallows for the moment all within its sphere.—Margaret Fuller.

The fear that our kind acts may be received with ingratitude should never deter us from performing them.

Two things command my veneration—the starry universe around me, and the law of duty within.—Goethe.

A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.—Carlyle.

Two glorious futures lie before us; the progress of the race here, the progress of man hereafter.—W. R. Crag.

How inadequate is all "the pomp and glory of this world" to satisfy the longings of the immortal soul.—Patonia.

True happiness is founded upon wisdom and virtue, for we must first know what we ought to do and then live according to that knowledge.

You must love in order to understand love. One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons.—F. W. Robertson.

The names of great men are like fixed stars that never set—clouds might gather round them but when the heavens were cleared they would be found still shining.

The power to labor is the capital bestowed on man by the loving Father of all. Nobler of powers, and blessed indeed is he who can find a field in which to use it.

Build new domes of thought in your mind; and presently you will find that, instead of your finding the eternal life, the eternal life has found you.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enamelling the vales of human beings, as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—George Bancroft.

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely, they can not separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever they shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.—Thackeray.

Love it is which tunnels the mountains, bridges the rivers, lays the wires, builds the steamers, drains the swamps—man dreaming of his love and thinking of his home. This is the converging point of all man's aspiration and endeavor, of woman's work and worth.

For every one, life has some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fountain of pure water, and in all men at some time or other there is sweetness. Who is he that has not found in his path of life some fragrant rose bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume, and cheering the heart of the weary traveller with its beauty.

The Emotional Element in Man.

A man goes forth for a walk in a city, full of life and busy cares. He sees a human being apparently in abject misery. His emotions are aroused, and his sympathy responds and points to acts of benevolence.

He passes on; he meets a crowd and sees a rude, ruffianly person jostle and insult one who is beneath him in physical strength. His emotions are again aroused. Sympathy and anger both respond and prompt him to protect the weak and chastise the rude assailer.

Now he meets the flag of his country, accompanied by life and drum, calling for volunteers to protect his nation's honor and punish those who have wronged his country and insulted its flag. His emotions are again aroused, and his patriotism and indignation respond, and he is induced to do what he can to right his country's wrongs and punish its enemies.

On he passes now. The sky is dark with clouds; a storm is imminent. The fearful lightning marks its fiery pathway across the sky, and the tumultuous thunder, with peal after peal reverberates through the atmosphere. His emotions are again aroused, and a sense of awe and the grandeur and power of nature respond. He seeks a shelter with a lasting impression on his mind, left by this grand display of majestic power. He now wanders forth again and is attracted by the bells from a cathedral spire. Attracted by the sound as well as by a knowledge of the object, he seeks the stately cathedral, as he approaches he beholds its grand proportions, memories of childish days; mysterious teaching, where he was led in awful silence by a mother's hand come over him. He beholds how with reverential steps the people approach; he bows his head in acknowledgment of the surrounding influences. He enters the noble pile beneath its arched entrance, and in the quiet atmosphere soothed, and softened by the mellow light that finds its way through the many-colored windows beneath the stately arches; he listens to the peals of the grand organ; his emotions are aroused and the devotional element that has been cultivated from his infancy responds; he kneels and joins in the acts of worship that are then being performed.

In all these acts the emotions have been aroused on the impulse of the moment; no preparation had been made. There was no design, except in the last. Here had been arranged all the paraphernalia calculated to arouse the emotions through the medium of the eye. Grand, solemn music appealed to the emotions through the medium of the ear; holy memories, embalmed by a mother's love and teachings appealed to the emotions and lent their influence to acts of devotion.

Why this design in the cathedral? Why the cultivation of the emotional elements?

The answer is: because in the control of this element lies one of the great powers of the world. Dating back farther than the Christian era its power was sought in ancient Babylon; was recognized and cultivated by the Phoenicians. The Egyptians knew and recognized it, and Moses in his charge over the children of Israel practiced it, while Joshua was far from ignorant of the power its control gave his government.

Early in the history of Russia it was recognized as necessary to control this element of power in the church and unite it with the power of the throne, and for that purpose the Czar was made the head of the Greek Church, and with its assistance has controlled the more than half savage hordes of her vast country. England's Henry VIII. saw that it was necessary to control this element to make firm his power, and he sought one who, leaving the Roman Church, could bring enough of its recognized legitimacy to found a church with the English sovereign its head; from this arose the English Church of to-day.

England has ruled well and successfully where she has been able to establish her church; but where she has not her rule has been a failure. Witness Ireland. The emotional element of Ireland has ever been controlled by the Church of Rome, and the Irish people have always been bitter against England and most probably will be so long as their religious element,

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

(From the Banner of Light.)

Dear Mr. Rogers that account of the Rapping in the place mentioned of Mr. Dunsen for I read in the one for myself you described Caroline Collier and Annie are associated with me in the grand work of rapping. This line of our own sex by the way and better I will write for the lady for mention and Annie will give the name as we feel much interest in her she is a highly cultivated lady & I should—

(The adjacent original communication was written automatically by the hand of the medium, Mrs. L. M. Patterson of Philadelphia, controlled by Charlotte Brontë—the well-known authoress of "Jane Eyre," etc.—in almost microscopic characters, of which this text-engraving is a fac-simile. It is recorded that in consequence of the extreme poverty of the gifted sisters they were obliged to economize closely, and accustomed themselves to write in an almost infinitesimal hand. The similitude of this specimen may be readily recognized by comparison therewith as corresponding with an autograph letter of Charlotte's, inserted after page 334, in Wemy's edition of her life.)

or more correctly speaking their emotional element, seeks Rome for its guidance. France has ever recognized the necessity of holding in the control of the Government the emotional elements of her people, but her population being devoted to the Church of Rome she has found no other way to accomplish her object except to control the church. This she has done to a great extent—sufficient, at least, for her purpose. Meantime she has sought to give another direction to the emotional element of her people; she has steadfastly directed it towards the glory of France until it is doubtful which banner would call forth the loudest huzzahs.

He who controls the emotional elements of a people is their master. A.

The Spiritual Body.

(By Rev. John Page Hopp.)

Only one thing seems to be clear concerning the belief in the immortality of man—that no two men appear to agree as to the origin of it. And yet it is everywhere, and belongs to every age; and, like the Logos of God, it lighteth every man coming into the world. Like that Logos, too, it does not light every man in the same way and to the same extent; but the light is there. One of the most remarkable things is that, when the evidence of "the Christian revelation" is offered, that which is most relied upon is the resurrection of Jesus; and what is nearly always meant by his resurrection is the resurrection of the body. But this is every year losing its efficacy as a ground of belief, and for two reasons: first, because we can not help feeling more and more that the exceptional resurrection of a body eighteen hundred years ago, so far from suggesting any hope of immortality, rather suggests the reverse—for we know that our dead do not rise, and multitudes whose number is ever increasing, and we think they never will; but, second, because we are now coming to a clearer conception of the spiritual life, apart altogether from the life or animation of the physical body. The long-cherished belief in the resurrection of the physical body held its own mainly because the believers of a former day found it difficult to conceive of life apart from a material body or something like it; and so, forgetting how many dear saints of God had been burnt to ashes or even devoured by wild beasts, they talk of the "sleep in the grave" and the "resurrection of the body at the last day." All that is slowly disappearing—and disappearing, not because faith is dying, but because "the darkness is past and the true light now shineth."

POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER.

An Address Delivered at Washington Hall, May 8, 1886, by A. C. Stowe.

(Reported for the Golden Gate.)

The highest wisdom of the world was expressed in the Grecian motto, "Man know thyself." The question to which your attention is called this afternoon is, "The power of mind over matter, and in the cure of disease."

What mind is in its grand possibilities, it is impossible in our present state of unfoldment to tell. We might give it the popular definitions and still remain as ignorant as before. We are equally as uninformed as to what matter is; we may be told that it is oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and all of the sixty or more elements or simples, and yet not be instructed, for this would only be changing or shifting unintelligible terms. We can know of neither mind nor matter, except through the manifestations of mind. This needs no argument; it is self-evident. It is true that mind reveals itself through matter, but only mind can take cognizance of the revelation. Thus, mind acting upon mind through matter in its infinite diversity of conditions constitutes the all of mental phenomena.

Whether mind or matter has priority or superiority is the question. If, as the materialist would have us believe, matter acting in concert with some inherent force, has, in the process of its evolution from the monad upward, developed and unfolded mind, then matter is both prior and superior to mind, and we see to-day the startling phenomenon and strange anomaly of the created dominating the Creator.

Our materialistic friends should shake hands with the orthodox religionists, for they say God created the devil and man, who together, or rather the devil and the woman, have got the best of him. No; this materialistic statement can not be true, for it contradicts our experience. *Mind is King! Mind is Supreme!* Matter is simply an agent or servant of the mind; the human material organism is its especial agent, and serves in that department of life and being corresponding to the unfoldment of the organism. If this is coarse and gross, it serves mind in the lower department of being, and matter—all nature appears to such an one—coarse and gross also. The human organism is the instrument upon which mind plays, and the result corresponds with the condition of the instrument.

Music is not in the instrument, nor in the fingers that glide so artistically over the keys. It is in the mind, not of the performer only, but in that of the listener. To some it may be anything but music. We remember reading some years ago, a newspaper criticism of Gottschalk's renditions upon the piano, in which the editor said the music sounded to his ear, like a dozen male felines promenading through a hot stovepipe.

We might go still further and say the instrument also is in the mind, but that perhaps would be too much for you. We will say, however, that the instrument as well as the music to us, corresponds with our mental state; as we have shown you, to one, the music is the sweetest melody, to another a jargon of discordant sounds. So the instrument to one is the perfection of mechanism, beautiful and artistic in construction and finish, and harmonious in the adaptation of its parts, while to another, (a digger Indian perhaps,) it would be "heap big, shiney box, make thunder." Some men would see in the Big Trees and Yosemite only saw logs and mill sites, while others would go into ecstasies over the grandeur of the stately sentinels, and the beauty and sublimity of picturesque Yosemite. If you affirm that matter possesses an inherent force that unfolds it from the lowest condition up to man, we shall have no quarrel with you, for the difference between us is only in the terms employed. Your "inherent force" is our infinite spirit, or mind, as mind is spirit manifest through organic forms.

Without the fear of successful contradiction, we affirm that spirit which to our sensuous observation, is presented to us as mind is superior to matter. We do not deny the existence of matter, as it has been affirmed that some mental healers do. To the physical senses, or to the

sensuous observation, matter is real, but the senses are not always reliable, so they do not always reveal to us the truth. You look down the street, and to the sense of sight it is narrower at the further end, mind steps in and corrects the mistakes of sight, so that you arrive at the truth through your experiences. The same is true of the rising and setting of the sun, and this sense never did, nor can it tell you, the truth in these and many other instances. What is true of the sense of sight is true also to a certain degree of the other senses, and it sometimes happens that the truth is found directly opposed to the revelation of the senses. This Copernicus and Galileo proved to the world, the revelations of the senses had established an error in the minds of people as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so certain were even the philosophers and the learned of both Church and State, that their senses had revealed the truth, that Copernicus withheld from publication the manuscript of his discoveries for thirteen years fearing the opposition they would receive, and Galileo was twice imprisoned for publishing a refutation of the revelation of the senses.

Progress, growth, development and unfoldment from lower to higher conditions are the concordant notes in the grand anthem of the ages. Matter has been constantly and steadily marching up the ascending scale of progress. Can matter of itself improve and unfold into higher conditions? That is, can matter including its inherent force climb above itself? Can a stream rise above its fountain head? The "inherent force" of the Materialist must be infinite or else progress will cease. That which improves a thing must be superior to the thing improved; and as there seems to be no end to the improvement of things, especially the higher forms, that which improves must be infinite. If the manifestations of mind bear the impress of the constant improvement of its instrument, while it manifests itself through it, who shall dare to limit the power of mind this side of infinity? Please think of the meaning of the term infinite—limitless in power and extension. If any given thing of whatever name, quality or substance you may give it is infinite, is there any room for anything else? If there is then that thing is not infinite. But if mind, spirit, or inherent force is infinite, then all is mind, spirit or inherent force, and all we see of matter and the varied phenomena pertaining to it, including the human body, is but the manifestation of the infinite to our sensuous observation. Taking this view, may not Bishop Berkeley's statement be true that matter exists only in mind and has no existence apart from mind. Says Carlyle, "Matter were it never so despicable is spirit, the manifestation of spirit."

Have you as Spiritualists no facts or experiences to corroborate this view? Let us see. To the truly clairvoyant, or those who have their spiritual sight opened, these walls, which, to our sensuous vision, are so opaque and solid, and all other objects that obstruct our sight, become transparent or vanish like the morning mist before their penetrating vision. They do see forms and scenery, mountains, vales, lakes, rivers and beautiful waterfalls; but all these are the real spiritual subjective realities which can not possibly obstruct our sensuous visions. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." How true this is. We may peer into the dim distance ever so anxiously to catch a faint glimpse of the shining robes of our loved ones, with these poor dull eyes, but nothing save the dull, dank, dreary, ever-changing old world will impress itself upon our consciousness through our optics.

Man as to his real self is an idea—a thought of the infinite, in the image and likeness of the infinite—that is, like the infinite in quality of being, attributes and powers, the difference being only in degree or manifestation. Man as a part of the infinite spirit must run parallel with the infinite; therefore man is a distinctive but not separate entity and exists as a conscious being without beginning. Consciousness and existence, or entity, are inseparable. Because we do not remember having existed previous to what we call this life is no proof that we did not; if it was it would prove too much, for we do not remember a tenth part of our experiences in this life, though we were vividly conscious of them at the time of their occurrence. On this view, and this alone,

(Continued on Third Page.)

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, communicated to his son H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

(Continued.)

He wandered about from place to place, restless, excited, and lonesome. The stillness became almost unbearable; he could see all his wrong-doings so clearly now, and felt that if he could only live over again on earth, he would be true and kind to those who loved him, as well as to others. He again and again called for some one to help him, but no one came and he threw himself down on the grass and wept like a child. Now Susan went to him, put her hands upon his head and he passed into a deep sleep, as you would say, but was in an unconscious state. Then we both called for the children of "Summer Land." They came running, singing, but all stopped as soon as they saw us, then came close to us, and Susan told them that this was "little Faith's" papa, who had not been a good papa always, but now wished to be. Would they help him? "Oh, yes, we will, we will gather flowers and everything pretty for him," and away they ran. Soon they came back with as many as they could carry, and covered him all up; then all took hold of hands and surrounded him, all waiting so quiet that not a sound could be heard.

Soon at a distance we could hear a clear voice singing, "I am coming, I am coming papa darling, I am coming now to you, yes, the angels hear you calling, I am coming now to you." And my little Faith came running up to us, so happy; she walked to her papa, put her arms around his neck, smoothing his face with her hands and said, "Papa, open your eyes and see, your dear little girl is here with thee." He opened his eyes and was bewildered—looked at the little ones, then at himself, at little Faith, then cried out, "Oh, why do you all come to laugh at my sufferings; let me hide myself." Little Faith said, "Papa, don't you know me, your little girl?" He looked at her and exclaimed, "Oh, my little darling, you have come to me, your papa, who never had a kind word for you; you come to help such a miserable sinner as I am. I do not deserve it." Faith said, "Papa, all your wrongs can be made right if you try to do better; you will now I am sure. I will help you; will show you the way, some day, but now we must leave you to others." "No, no, little Faith, do not leave me, your papa." "I must go, dear papa, but if you do right we will meet again. I am your little girl still. You do not need me now." "Yes I do; do not leave me, little darling, stay with your papa."

She rose up before him, and such a heavenly light was all around her; she was angelic, and raised her hands in prayer, "Father in heaven, I leave him in your care." Then she threw kisses to him and floated away up in the air with all the little ones. The little ones had remained very quiet all the time. I was surprised to see little Faith do as she did, but soon found out why.

He called for her time and time again, but no one answered. Again he was all alone—could not see us. Soon we noticed a man coming with hair so white and face so kind, who said as he came near, "My dear one, can I help you in any way?" "Oh, yes; I want my little girl." "Yes, I know, but you can not have her now." "Why?" "Because the lessons you have to learn take you in another direction. When all is learned you will meet her, not before." "She is my child and should obey my wishes." "Yes, she always did in earth life. Did you always obey your Heavenly Father's wishes? Did you do your duty to those under your care? Did you help the poor and needy? You had riches and could. Did you live a life that would call the angels from heaven to your side? I will let you answer." "Oh, no, but I do wish to do better now." "Yes, and I am here to help you; but until you have become free from all sin, and pure in heart, you can not live with your little loved one." "What can I do? Show me the way, I am ready to do anything to be once more happy." Taking hold of hands they passed to another place, very much like this, only there were a few flowers and a great many people.

"My friend, the first lesson you have to learn is, Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you. If you see any one here who is more unhappy than you, help him; tell him of what you have seen and what you are promised; by so doing you accomplish what you should have done before you came to Summer Land. You will now have to do what you left undone on the other side."

The angel then stepped out of his sight, but near enough to look on. The man looked around him and finally walked to some one who was feeling very unhappy and said: "How do you do? When did you come?" Upon looking up he was recognized as an old acquaintance; one who had in a great measure been to blame for some of his wrong-doings. He was greeted with, "Oh George, is that you? Help me out of this place; I want to go back and tell my wife how sorry I am for what I have done; can you help? Do so if you can; I am sorry for what I did so many times, and wish I were in a better place if they have any here." "I have not been here long and do not know as I can help you, but will try. I am as unhappy at you can be;

perhaps we can help each other." They did so, each being lifted up in the effort to do good to others and finally passed into higher conditions, but it would be a long time before he could reach the state of happiness that little Faith was in.

We left these boon companions here and returned to little Faith's mother, and there found our little darling hovering over her, giving sweet thoughts and appearing to her often while at rest—in dreamland as the mother supposed; yet as real as life.

The mother and little darling brother were coming to us very soon. We all saw that a fatal disease that was sweeping many from earth life would claim them for its victims, and little Faith could hardly wait to welcome her loved ones into the new life where all would be so happy—while on the bed of sickness and suffering the mother talked of heaven and her dear little Faith—"would they meet there?"

The little brother passed away one day before the mother, and we received both of them in our home here. Susan and little Faith gathered a great quantity of flowers and made a couch, which was placed in our house. The couch first was covered with pink satin—pillow of beautiful lace—also a canopy of thin goods, drawn back so as to form a room all by itself. The steps to the house were covered with pink and white roses; inside the house was decorated with flowers very profusely. After all was complete, we three returned to little Faith's mother and found that the change was near. Little Faith stood at one side of the bed; Susan and myself at the other. Many friends were there doing what they could to relieve the sufferer. Just before leaving the body she opened her eyes and bid them all good-bye and went to sleep. Little Faith passed to the foot of the bed, and a red light formed all about her. All at once her mamma opened her eyes, rose up to a sitting position; looked at little Faith and said, "Oh, my darling little Faith," then laid down and was no more to those around her.

As the spirit leaves the body, the chill of death to the mortal creeps up from the feet to the brain; the new formation was distinctly seen by us. After the spirit had fully left the body, she remained standing as if waiting for some one; then there came a few minutes of rest or unconsciousness to the spirit. In that condition we surrounded her and bore her away to our home in the spirit world, and placed her upon the couch beside her little boy who passed away a few hours before, and was yet in an unconscious state; we desiring him to be so held, that mother and child would realize no separation.

Little Faith was holding her mother's hand—all now waiting for both mother and brother to return to consciousness. Soon the mother awoke and recognized her darling Faith at once, but did not know where she was—looked by her side, there was her darling boy, and said, "My darling, how came we all together, and where are we?" "Oh, mamma, you are in heaven, where there will be no more parting in tears and sorrow." "My darling, is it really you?" "Yes, all me, aren't you glad? I wish brother would wake up."

The mother arose partly from the couch and looked all around; in so doing saw us. We had drawn back a little so that they would be alone. "Little Faith, who are they?" "Oh that is my other papa; he is so good; he has done most all of this for us; and the lady is an angel, one you will love so much, mamma." We walked up to her; she reached out her hand and said, "I do not understand it yet, but you are very kind. Am I always to be here with my darling children?" "Yes, you are now one of us."

Little Faith now made passes over the little brother and he awoke, calling for his mamma, and she took him in her arms so natural that he did not know of any change; he is too young to understand what has taken place. He said upon looking around, "Pretty, pretty—mamma, tee pretty sings." Little Faith is now perfectly happy. Soon the mother rose from the couch and we all passed out doors to look at the beautiful scenery around us.

Susan bid us good-bye for a time, as she was called to some place, to once more lift up the suffering. I remained for some time, as the mother had a great deal to tell and needed advice. I asked little Faith if she did not think she had better remain always with her mother and brother; they would need some one to show them the way we do things here. "Oh, yes, but what will you do? I promised to be your little girl, but I did not think my mamma and brother were coming so soon." "Yes, dear, I know that, and I can find another little one, I think, and your place is by your mother's side now. So I will leave you all here and go to 'Summer Valley.' Please make yourselves at home here, for this is your home until you can find one you like better. What shall I tell the little children for you, little Faith?" "Oh, tell them that I am so happy, because my mamma and little brother are here with me, and ask them all to come and see them." So I left and soon found myself in "Summer Valley."

I stopped and looked at the children; it made me think of a lot of little chickens, all busy hunting after something; here and there was a mother watching over them, explaining this and that; for out doors is where they learn their lessons. No poorly ventilated school houses here

for our little ones. Soon they saw me, and what a change took place; each stopped and picked up something to show and came running up to meet me, with, "Hello! how is little Faith? Where is our little Faith?" Until I was fairly puzzled to know what to say, but succeeded after a time in getting a word in—such chattering, like a lot of little birds.

This place suited me, and I made up my mind to remain for some time and did so; found Libby here very happy and contented. The little ones would coax me to sit down and then would fix me up pretty as they thought, and if that had been a possibility they would have succeeded in doing so. They would cover me with flowers and vines; hung flowers on my ears for "earrings." I asked if she was not a little proud? She said, "Yes, ain't you?" I did not know, but she said, "Oh, yes, you look as though you was, but I just love you lots."

I finally thought I had better return, but they all said that they needed a grandpa so much, and if I would stay they would give me much to do; which I did not doubt, as I had been there for some time and had been on the go every minute. I enjoyed it very much, however, and told them about little Faith having to remain with her mamma, and had really come for another little girl. Did they know of any? Well, I never saw such faces, they all got up and arranged their dresses; fixed back their hair and said, "We will every one of us go; can we?" I really would like to have some one choose for me as I loved them all.

Finally I decided to take four—two little girls and two little boys. Now I said, "which will come?" Two little boys came forward and said, "Do you think we will do?" "Yes, I would like to have you come." And then two little girls came in the same way. The girls' names are Dottie and Nellie. Dottie is four years old; Nellie is thirteen. The boys' names are Clemey, eight years old, and little Joe, six years old.

I told the children that I would come back after a time and take them to the place we went to. I delivered little Faith's message, and then we bade them all good-bye, and I returned to Susan's home with my family of four beautiful little ones. Before reaching Susan's I learned that I had my hands full with only four. Children here are just like any children, except that they never have any disputes; they are always happy here. Dottie and little Joe are about as full of mischief as they could very well hold, but I love them dearly. They would not get out of my sight, but such running and jumping, such times of learning lessons, such joyous times I never saw, except among children. Such questions would they ask; I did not attempt to answer all the questions. Little Joe asked where I came from—what made my hair so thin; he had not seen any one before with such thin hair. "You must have been very bad sometime." I did attempt to answer him about my thin hair and said that I was very old, and that was why I did not have very much hair. "Oh, well—all right then." We remained at Susan's home for some time; then I left them in her care and went to my place of duty.

My work here has been to visit places of punishment in the spirit world and lift up the poor souls that I find there. Having described little Faith's father's condition when he first came, it will not be necessary to repeat—when I speak of wicked places here, I simply mean the spot where the wicked go upon first coming here.

We have no places of sin here; every one is obliged to do right after a time; for if you have evil thoughts you find yourself all alone, where you can not do any harm. I remained in this work until I saw that your mother was soon to come, then began to build a home. We can see farther ahead than mortals can, therefore can tell coming events if not too far distant; hence, we can be prepared to receive our loved ones to our liking. I visited place after place to find one that just suited me for a home—finally came to a little spot that just answered my longings and pleased my fancy.

(To be continued.)

THE Christian at Work says: "A wealthy gentleman of West Virginia recently willed one-half his large estate to various church organizations; and these bequests have all been set aside by the courts and pronounced null. The old lesson comes up here—give while you live. In fact, only the living give, anyway. The dead only relinquish; and the giving by bequest is often a forced gift made at the expense of sorrowing relatives, and herein it lacks the chief essential of benevolence." The words "only the living give," are worthy of serious thought. We doubt if a man is entitled to any credit for bequeathing money for charitable purposes. The grace and glory of giving is in the self-denial which it necessitates; and there certainly cannot be much self-denial in giving away that for which one has no further use.—*Signs of the Times.*

THE Norristown Herald is responsible for the story that a Western man had applied for a pension on the ground that he was injured by a rebel ram during the war. The facts are, that, while a sutler in the army, he was violently butted through a rail fence by an aged but vigorous male sheep, owned by an officer of the Confederate army.

THE greatest Theorists are men having, generally, the fewest facts.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Singular Magnetic Sympathy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Horace Bell, of Los Angeles, who, early in the fifties, was a member of the "Rangers"—a military company organized in Los Angeles to assist the authorities in the extermination of desperadoes—vouches for the truth of the following:

Among the members of the company were two brothers from Texas, who had been attached to a ranger company in the war with Mexico. They were twins, and always went together, riding side by side in all the expeditions of the Los Angeles rangers. If separated only for a day they seemed lost. They were recklessly brave, and great favorites in the company. Several of the company, including Bell, afterwards joined the Walker expedition to Nicaragua. In 1856 the Marshall brothers also determined to become filibusters, but Wiley went first, leaving Green to settle up some mining business in Calaveras county, he promising to join his brother in Nicaragua in August. He did not arrive as expected, and in September Wiley took command of an enterprise known in the history of the filibuster war as "The hair-brained expedition of Wiley Marshall." A hundred mounted men, armed with revolvers, went sixty miles to attack a fortress defended by five times their number—a fool-hardy attempt only exceeded in stupid gallantry by the act of a Texas company in storming an iron-clad gunboat on Red river with double barreled shotguns. Just before starting out on this expedition Wiley called to take leave of Bell, and the latter asked, "When do you expect Green?"

"I do not expect him," was the reply; "he is dead." "Impossible," said Bell; "you heard from him by the last steamer, and could have received no news since." "Green died in California the day before yesterday," said Wiley; "I knew the very moment of his death, and thought I was going myself at the time, and nothing but the excitement of this command could have sustained me under the shock." Thirty hours later Wiley also was dead. His command was cut to pieces by the enemy, and he bled to death from a wound in the thigh. Bell adds: "I afterwards learned that Green, the twin brother, died in California, on the very day stated by Wiley, and they were three thousand miles apart at the time. This is a fact; and I leave it to science to explain the cause if it can."

Yours truly, S.

Wonderful Transmutation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Nearly twenty years ago myself and husband became convinced of the fact of spirit communication, mainly through the medial powers of a lady residing in Jeffersonville, Ind., in whose presence spirits wrote freely.

A good brother in the church, on learning that we had become converted to Spiritualism, called to expostulate with us and to warn us of our danger. He being a warm personal friend, as well as a brother in the church, we took him into our confidence and gave him a history in detail of our recent spiritual experiences, and showed him the slates framed under glass, containing loving messages from spirit friends in their own hand-writing, etc. This good brother has always been so opposed to Spiritualism that he would not allow the subject mentioned in his family. He had, but a few months before, lost a lovely daughter, his first-born and favorite child. When we had finished our story he said: "I know you do not lie, but you must be deceived." We replied: "Go and see for yourself."

"Well," said he, "I have business that will take me to Louisville in a few days, and while there I may cross over to Jeffersonville and see this wonderful woman."

Suffice it to say, he went in cog, and had a sitting with the medium. The result of the first effort was a long communication from his spirit daughter in which she assured him that he possessed medial powers, and that if he would sit for development, spirits would soon write for him also. On his return we had an experience meeting and love feast, such as we never before enjoyed. At the close it was decided that he should sit with us in the quiet and seclusion of our own home for development. Great power was manifested at our first sitting. Loud raps were heard, and the room shook until the articles on the mantle rattled. The slate, which we held under the edge of a small table covered with a cloth, was violently jerked about, and the bit of pencil we had placed upon it thrown off. Several times this was done. Finally it occurred to us that perhaps the spirits did not want a pencil, and we held the slate without one. In a few minutes raps were heard on the slate, as if made with a pencil. When we withdrew the slate, we found writing upon it, though indistinct. But that was the beginning of what would have made a large volume of spirit communications written upon the slate without a visible pencil.

We kept up our sittings religiously for a year, during which time were produced, in our presence, a great variety of spirit phenomena. But our little developing circle, composed of myself and husband and our mediumistic friend, was all too soon dissolved. Our medium was called

to new fields of labor a thousand miles distant. Soon after reaching his destination he had the misfortune to break his leg, and was, in consequence, confined to his room several weeks. During his illness we wrote him, almost daily, words of sympathy and encouragement.

On one occasion I selected, from a small bouquet that stood on my desk, a fragrant flower or two and enclosed them in my letter, adding a postscript to the effect that they were my favorite flowers (white pinks and geranium leaves). I carried the letter, securely sealed, to the office; had it weighed and paid the necessary postage. The strange part of my story is, that the flowers were laid upon my friend's table twenty-four hours before the letter in which they were enclosed reached him. He was a stranger in the place and occupied a room in the third story of a hotel. He had been lying down, possibly had been asleep. When he arose he discovered upon his table apparently fresh cut flowers, pinks and geraniums. "What does this mean!" he exclaimed. "How came these beautiful, fragrant flowers here? No one has been in this room." The next day he received my letter. The seal was unbroken; there was nothing unusual about it except the extra postage. He opened and read it through to the postscript, which referred to the flowers enclosed. But it contained no flowers when opened. He wrote me at once, saying: "Are you sure you enclosed flowers, or did you omit to put them in after writing the postscript? Can you describe them accurately?"

The description I gave corresponded so perfectly with the flowers which were mysteriously placed upon his table, that he was convinced they were the identical ones that I had enclosed in my letter to him. He had them embalmed, and I presume preserves them to this day as an interesting and sacred memento.

MARY DAVIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Experience with the New Planchette.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Permit me to occupy a small space in your paper to give my experience with the new planchette. I made one according to the directions given in the *R. P. Journal*, which is substantially like the one described in the *GOLDEN GATE* by "W." I expected it would operate well, as my son Addison is a medium for physical manifestation of considerable force. As soon as our fingers were laid on the planchette it commenced moving, and the leg we had designated as the pointer stopped on the letters required. I called them, and a third person wrote them down. Our first message was as follows:

I was an officer of the army; my name is Crawford. As you know, I have lately passed to the home of spirits through the peridy of the Mexicans, who killed me from jealousy because they thought I had captured Geronimo.

CAPT. CRAWFORD.

We had not been reading or talking about Capt. C. for some time past, and had not the remotest idea of what was going to be given.

A little experience impressed me with the idea that the planchette would work better with the legs out. This we found to be the case. We laid it flat down on the letter-board, cut a little notch in one corner to designate it as the one to point out the letters. This is an improvement, as it supports the hands better and glides smoothly over the board. In receiving messages we do not desire to write down, the board moves so fast that it is impossible to call the letters, or even to see what letters are indicated. In such instances the medium's mind is impressed with the words as the planchette passes over the letters, and when a sentence is finished the board moves down below the letters and stops, and the medium repeats the sentence. This is continued until the message is finished. Thus we get communications much quicker than they could be written down. We are much pleased with this method, as it seems to bring us in direct rapport with the dear ones who have passed over.

E. D. FRENCH.

POWAY, California.

A GOOD physical medium, such as Mrs. Foye, or Slade, or Eglinton, would do a grand work here now, as well as in other colonies. "There is plenty of fruit ripe and ready for plucking." Numbers of people are standing on the edge waiting, hovering between the fading of faith in church teachings and the doubtfulness of Agnosticism; and the physical medium would come with undeniable proofs, such as can not be got elsewhere, and then the lecturer boldly steps in with the beautiful teachings of spirit life, and the doubter would be made glad forever.—*Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne).

REV. MR. MAKEPEACE, of Andover, Mass., gave the Congregational ministers in Boston some advice in discussing "the responsibility of the church for the entertainment of the people." He recommended that the church "spend less time in advertising the theater by preaching against it, and occupy their time in providing something better."—*Boston Herald.*

EXPERIMENTS have been made for some time at the glass factory of Atterbury Brothers in Pittsburgh to reproduce in glass an exact copy of the famous peach-blow vase, and on Tuesday a number of vases were blown which are described as being of the pure peach-blow color, and therefore very beautiful.

(Continued from First Page.)

can we predicate immortality. Man's descent into the sensuous world, or incarnation in matter, was, no doubt, for the purpose of the individualization of the soul and the development of creative or formative powers. This seems to be demonstrated in the progress mind has made in the field of invention. The creative thought of Watts, Fulton, Morse, Howe, Brush, Bell, Edison and a thousand others have transformed this old world and revolutionized society; made the wilderness and the desert places blossom with beauty and use; encircled the earth with bands of iron and steel; over mountains, across burning Saharas and under oceans and seas the thunderbolts of vulcan laden with thought have sped. Continents that seemed to each other like distant worlds and nations far separated in interest, and language have become neighbors and friends.

Having briefly given you the relationship mind and matter seem to bear to each other, we will now consider the relation mind sustains to disease, and the power it has over the ills of life. As Spiritualists you will agree with me that man, after the change called death, is clothed upon with another body, which will be impervious to disease and death. Why can not disease and death touch the new organism? and where does it come from? Is it ready made like a garment by our spirit friends, or by the infinite spirit, and carefully laid away until the time of need; or is it improvised on the occasion? No doubt the most of you believe that we are already spirits and have now the body that will survive the catastrophe of death; that this body is composed of a highly-refined and spiritualized substance that enters into and surrounds our present body; that a portion of this substance is derived from our present body, chemically prepared and spiritualized, and corresponds to its condition of refinement. Did you ever think seriously how this transformation from the destructible to the indestructible is brought about? Perhaps you never have given it a thought. Nevertheless it is accomplished by law. The organism that shall be is made indestructible by the power of mind through the development, growth and unfolding of the soul, but more especially in the unwavering thought, belief, hope, and faith that it can never die. Thus we make to ourselves organisms that are immortal, and may we not by the same process of thought, hope and faith make these present bodies at least healthful, so that we may not be forced out of them, but rather when they are fully matured and ripened we may doff the old and don the new at our pleasure. It is the office and mission of spirit or mind to refine and improve our bodies and make them fitter vehicles for spiritual or mental uses. Here comes in the creative power of spirit. We will not say that everybody exercises this power either in creating or improving the organisms which shall be the temple of the living spirit, either in this or the next sphere of existence, and the more is the pity. But we will say that many people do exercise it to improve their cattle, horses and hogs, and the results have been truly wonderful. The wild ferocious nature of the animal has been tamed and subdued—made tractable, docile, kind, faithful, patient, and even loving; and we, the boasted higher animal, cannibal-like, slay and eat them. Oh, man's inhumanity to animals! In the improvement of animals mind has accomplished its purpose. Can man, knowing the power of mind in this direction, neglect himself? No one, excepting, perhaps, the orthodox Christian, will for a moment believe that man can not be improved. Do any of you who believe that we shall survive the change called death entertain the thought that the bodies we shall inhabit will all be alike—refined and spiritualized. Your answer must be no; for if the teachings of spirits have emphasized anything it is that there are degrees, grades and spheres which, together with the bodies of the spirits, all correspond to the refinement, growth and unfoldment of the body and soul here. And they are teaching us, too, the great importance of attending to this improvement and cultivation as being necessary to the unfoldment of the spirit and the development of grand and beautiful temples "over there" for our spirits to dwell in.

Do not our friends, and especially the Indian whom we have robbed, defrauded and driven from his home, come back to heal us of our diseases, as a first step towards a higher growth? and have we not been told that higher phases and greater manifestations should come to us? Have they not also told us that he who had all of his faculties unfolded, passions and appetites subdued, and the whole nature under the control of the spirit or higher self, with a healthful body and vigorous mind, occupied the highest possible state or condition to be attained in this life? We are spirits now and here, and we possess more power than many who have passed beyond. If they have power to control us, and heal us, and through us heal others, as they surely do, we have power to control ourselves and heal ourselves and others, if we only know how. We know that spirits heal many a sick mortal without the use of medicine, or even medial contact. Such spirits understand the mental process of healing.

It has been stated that mind-cure is a higher phase of Spiritualism. This is true, and the philosophy accompanying it, is Spiritualism itself. It is not Spiritism nor Phenomenalism. It is a science and phi-

losophy which teaches us how to control ourselves, how to heal ourselves, how to grow and unfold into healthful, grand and noble beings. It teaches us that soul culture or individualization of spirit is the great object of the spirits' incarnation. It teaches that man as to his spirit is a part of the infinite spirit; that the infinite spirit pervades and suffuses matter as the sunlight suffuses the earth, and hence the body of man is suffused by his own spirit, as the earth and all worlds are by the infinite spirit. In the process of individualization or soul building, man opens his eyes upon the outer world, and imbibing the false theories of the religious teachers, he soon begins to think that this outer material body and world is all there is, and the spirit of this world, whose name is selfishness, greed, hate, war, murder, and lust, takes control, and leads him until he forgets his divine origin. You will ask why the infinite spirit permits man, the offspring, to wander away from its divine parentage. It can never get away from its own spirit. Spirit never coerces. It is patient and waits, knowing that the soul, though it wanders away and feeds upon husks with the swine, will sometime come to itself, and return to its father's house. Our spirits speak to us in a thousand ways, and tell us of a better way, which we sometimes heed, but more often turn a deaf ear, and are obliged to feel our way back to the light and truth, through sad and bitter experiences, and the saddest of these is disease and death. What is disease? Etymologically it is *dis-ease*, which means discomfort, disorder. Whence came disease into the world? You will be told that it is a natural condition of matter; that mutation, change, decay and disintegration is an inherent quality of matter. True, but this does not imply that disease is a necessary quality. We know that compound organisms do change, disintegrate and fall back to their primary elements, without any disease ever preying upon them. Indeed, this is the law, the rule, and disease the exception. The vegetable forms mature, and ripen and fall back naturally, without disease; animals the same, as a rule, unless abused by men. Why should man be an exception to this rule? Is it because he has sinned? Yes; but not in the theological sense, but in accepting the theological doctrine that man, in consequence of one man's sin, must be sick and die. It is this belief and the further one, that an eternal hell of torment awaits him after the grim monster is through with him. Is it any wonder that the poor souls tremble with fear—"and fear hath torment,"—and feel anything but at ease or comfortable. The opposite of ease and comfort is disease and discomfort. If any one can believe the story of man's fall and its consequences, as theologians teach it, and not have the chills or fever, or both, he must be either insane or an idiot. Why! it makes one shiver to think of it. Do you not see that it is this educated belief, but above all the fear of disease and death that has brought disease into the world. One possessed of fear is a coward; he trembles and cringes before every object his excited imagination may picture as a foe; fear dissipates his strength, his vitality and his manhood, and he falls an easy prey. About one year ago the cholera raged fearfully in Spain, until the mortality reached three thousand or more per day. About this time Bismark seized a little island belonging to Spain, when the Spaniard "got up on his ear," aroused his courage, forgot that he was sick and the cholera rapidly disappeared. Thus fear and a false education and belief, and a want of the knowledge of the laws of spirit, and its relation to matter, is the prolific source of disease. The remedy is to call a halt, and right about face, we are going the wrong way. Eradicate the false, and truth will flow in. Dissipate ignorance with education; banish fear and false beliefs; ignore evil, sin and disease; eradicate from the mind all dis-ease and discomfort, and the opposite, ease and comfort will flow in. Let go of all that disturbs and annoys you. Cherish a hope, a faith, and a calm and serene trust in the infinite life, which is health, in the infinite good and infinite love which encircles and enshrines you through your own immortal spirit. Do this, and disease must go. Spirit, the real man, the I, the me, the ego, is coming to the front. Spirit never gets sick. The I, the ego is never diseased; and it is determined that its instrument shall be healed. When it can banish the spirit of this world, which has held dominion over the soul, and assume control, disease will go.

We cannot give in so short an essay the *modus operandi* of mind-cure, or mental healing, or perhaps more properly, *spirit healing*. We can only throw out a few thoughts that may serve to attract your attention and lead you to a fuller investigation.

We are spirits, individualizing or soul-building in this outer or sensuous world. Eternal life is the infinite condition of spirit. There is no death! That which seems such to our sensuous observation, is but a manifestation of life, the bursting of the trammels of sense and liberating the spirit. An intellectual perception and a spiritual recognition of this grand truth will enable you to banish fear and false beliefs, ignore evil and sin, sickness and pain, to assert your selfhood, and put under foot your last enemy—death.

JOE COOK says that if he had a dog that smoked he would shoot him. If a dog really belonged to Joe Cook he would probably welcome death.—*Washington Hatchet*.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

More Kind Words.

With the Oregonian I must say the GOLDEN GATE comes nearer up to the standard of correct and interesting journalism than any other in the spiritual field. I also am familiar with the several issues inspired by our "light." I do not intend by saying this, to draw any comparisons, for almost all are a credit to the cause, especially the *Spiritual Offering* with its fine correspondents and contributors; it certainly has reached a high point in quality and appearance, and I am getting to be quite attached to it, but it has been some years getting there. It has grown amazingly since it was born, and seems to me perpetuity is indicated in it. I certainly hope so; but the GOLDEN GATE is hardly a year old; like Minerva out of Jove's forehead, it started perfect *cap a pie*. As it was in its beginning, is now, and I feel in my bones, will continue. It struck me favorably the first time I saw it, not particularly because I saw some selections from "Shadows" in it; perhaps because my friend, Dr. Crane, spoke a good word for it, who speaks, I see, in the number before me. I was a little set up by the said *shadows* selections, and the "sunshine" was more manifest in them, by the general typical surroundings. Soon after that I was told that the editor "had been there before;" that he was no novice, as the saying is, knew how to keep a hotel; that is, run a newspaper. Editors, like poets, are born, not made. Now, every number, as it weekly heaves in sight, has continued to suggest just such comments as our Oregonian brother has given expression to in the number, May 1st, now shining on my table. I am glad his name is Reed; it is a fitting as well as a suggestive one. This much then for introduction. I will let this number of the GOLDEN GATE inspire the rest of this article, not that it is an unusual one, only it is the one before me and off of which I have made a hearty meal, and I feel the fuller for it.

First, on the inside is the leader, calling attention to Dr. Crane's careful observations of phenomena, antedating the "dawning light" of 1848. How fully I endorse those editorial comments, that all the witchcraft ideas, legends of haunted houses and haunted men, the ghostly or weird mysteries found in every family or tribe, were all efforts in the past, of an intelligent, invisible spirit world to open up a communication with humanity in this world; proving that the gates were always ajar, but the church had made us stupid. As we look back now with the eyes of modern Spiritualism, we see intelligences were trying to make the statement "that there is a divinity that shapes our ends," to be something more than sentimental poetry, but an actual fact. Perhaps a short quotation from "Shadows" will appropriately fit in here, where the Indian spirits say:

"We reached humanity in your grand sire's day, Aided by spirits bright who shew the way; We had the strength. Then mortals were 'possessed'."

As witches burned, and other ways distressed. Liking our sensitives, we soon retired, Waiting until our service was desired. Thus came a solstice to this 'Dawning Light,' Again we come, conditions being right, To manifest to you this glorious truth, That death is life, and age immortal youth. We 'red-skinned' souls, to nature fondly drawn, Are doing work as spirits of the morn; All mediums are strengthened by our aid, And better manifestations now are made. Blest be the form, when aided by our race, That made it possible in this age to trace, Intelligent connection in spirit life, With lover, brother, sister, friend or wife, Whom you thought dead, and thus have found That no man ever molds under ground. Then o'er the wide earth let the "Peace-whoop" sound, The spirits have triumphed! the lost are found!"

I would have been sorry if the little Fox girl, when she discovered that old "Split-foot" could both hear and count, that was a new phenomena, that it was the first sensuous intelligence of another life, besides this material one. Gravitation existed before Newton saw the apple fall, and the perpetuity of spiritual intercourse as an enduring institution is its connection with the mysterious phenomena of the past; ignored by the scholarly and scientific, but commanding a semi-respect by the intuitive, even if not believed in as actual facts. "No one now believes in ghosts," said Madam DeStael, "but we are all afraid of them, nevertheless." Is it not a pleasant circumstance, after finding that old "Split-foot" could hear and count, leading to phenomena so widespread and so well testified to, that the Rev. M. J. Savage said lately, from his pulpit, that "to establish the claim of Modern Spiritualism, there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatsoever." That throws a lustre of respectability on all the sacred and profane legendary mysteries, changing them from old wives' fables into ancient history and least possible facts, thus wiping out the supernatural, making both ancient and modern phenomena in harmony with natural law.

Is it not a relief to feel that many of the world's idols, and some of our own ancestry also, need not be apologized for their superstitious ideas or weakness of mind, but that their supposed idiosyncrasies had a solid, perhaps sensuous, foundation; that rough, wise, old Dr. Johnson, merciless as he was to shams, but who believed firmly in the Cocklane ghost, and in second sight, and now in the light of to-day such a belief was no imbecility, but more evidence of sense than those

had who laughed at him; that Sir Walter Scott who never wrote a line that he was sorry for, yet so full of superstitious lore, and who said also that he really saw Lord Byron after he was dead and buried. Once we thought such were lines that he ought have been sorry for, but we do not think so now. Then Bob Southey, the poet laureate, who wrote a book relating his interviews with Sir Thomas More who was beheaded by Henry VIII. Macaulay criticised him pretty severely, and his strong point was that Sir Thomas talked in modern English and was acquainted with current affairs though he had been dead over three hundred years. We once thought the Baron had him solid; we do not think so now, and the poet laughs last! So we might go on from the days of Samuel in sacred history and the days of Numa and Socrates in profane, and with the light of the modern phenomena warm the ancient fables up into possible facts, making a warm living universe out of a cold dead one.

I am glad Brother Crane has jogged thus his memory and recorded manifestations that occurred before 1848. My own family and ancestry have long memories, and it is a pleasant circumstance to me that what was once superstition is to me now natural and true, and I am firmer in faith in the present because it illuminates and endorses the supposed weaknesses of the past.

I am giving you and Dr. Crane too much attention to be able to carry out my intention of commenting upon the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, but it would take the whole paper to do it justice. There is Mrs. Watson's discourse; also the usual "Gems of Thought," an article on re-incarnation. I am not drawn kindly to that latter subject, for I don't want it to be true; but, logically, one can't get away from it, so I turn ostrich and give my thought to something else. I like very much your strong statement or "proof positive" of materialization in the parlors of Mr. Fred Evans. I have had such palpable proof myself, and the closing remark that "mediums will lose nothing by demonstrating their gifts to the satisfaction of the editors of their spiritual papers," is to my mind exactly correct. There is a growing disposition to do so; and the time has come when those who do not must give place to those who do. The fact that some have done so the past year to me—and it seems as if it was a spiritual influence—has made me write very strongly in their favor and on the materialization phase. I am not an editor, but my penwork has been pretty widely read, and the autographic thanks I have had from all parts of the country, particularly the past six months (when I have not troubled the *Banner* very much), is very gratifying. I aim to be cautious; I want to be fair. I am sure I am honest and not deluded; have no ax to grind, and I know the dictionary meaning of proof. I will close this GOLDEN GATE inspiration by saying with others that I like its way of putting things.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

May 8, 1886.

Letter from John Brown, Sr.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The GOLDEN GATE comes laden with many good things. The hand-writing on the slate is but the beginning of the good work. The angels have arranged for the good work to continue that they may impart a knowledge of the new life they are in. It is a continuation of the writing on the wall, and needs no Daniel to interpret it. It is an evidence that there is no silent dead; that all, all is life immortal. Our spirit friends have long been furnishing MSS. for the press, and have now devised a new way to get a better hearing, and thus place within the reach of all a knowledge of man's eternal duration and his own responsibility for the acts of his earth life. Then let us profit by the lessons taught us, and live in harmony with the golden rule, and thus make our earth life the beginning of our heaven.

My recent trip to San Francisco to visit friends was one of pleasure, and I hope soon to meet them all again on the campground in one grand band of harmony, where all who have left selfishness and animosities behind can have pleasant and profitable communion with those loved ones whose earthly forms have been laid in the tomb. Let us make our meeting a happy one with those who now return with loving eyes to look upon us, and gentle hands to clasp our own.

Remember, kind reader, that the tomb no longer holds our dead, for those over whom we have stood, saddened with sorrow, are not dead, and we have only to make conditions right to commune with them. Could you but realize how jubilant our spirit friends are at the victory gained whereby they can appear to us as of old, and communicate with us in their own hand-writing so that all can read, no pains would be spared to make conditions right and thus aid them in their good work. To do this, mediums should cease their bickerings and combine in one harmonious band of faithful and fraternal workers.

Fraternally,

JOHN BROWN, SR.

SAN BERNARDINO, May 12, 1886.

THAT was a ghastly joke that a sinful chap in a southern town played on a stranger whom he promised to introduce to a rich planter, and then took him around and presented him to a leading undertaker.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS:

Cleanings In Various Fields of Thought.

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and his choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *Jouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR.

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, communicated to his son H. B. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

(Continued.)

He wandered about from place to place, restless, excited, and lonesome. The stillness became almost unbearable; he could see all his wrong-doings so clearly now, and felt that if he could only live over again on earth, he would be true and kind to those who loved him, as well as to others. He again and again called for some one to help him, but no one came and he threw himself down on the grass and wept like a child. Now Susan went to him, put her hands upon his head and he passed into a deep sleep, as you would say, but was in an unconscious state. Then we both called for the children of "Summer Land." They came running, singing, but all stopped as soon as they saw us, then came close to us, and Susan told them that this was "little Faith's" papa, who had not been a good papa always, but now wished to be. Would they help him? "Oh, yes, we will, we will gather flowers and everything pretty for him," and away they ran. Soon they came back with as many as they could carry, and covered him all up; then all took hold of hands and surrounded him, all waiting so quiet that not a sound could be heard.

Soon at a distance we could hear a clear voice singing, "I am coming, I am coming papa darling, I am coming now to you, yes, the angels hear you calling, I am coming now to you." And my little Faith came running up to us, so happy; she walked to her papa, put her arms around his neck, smoothing his face with her hands and said, "Papa, open your eyes and see, your dear little girl is here with thee." He opened his eyes and was bewildered—looked at the little ones, then at himself, at little Faith, then cried out, "Oh, why do you all come to laugh at my sufferings; let me hide myself." Little Faith said, "Papa, don't you know me, your little girl?" He looked at her and exclaimed, "Oh, my little darling, you have come to me, your papa, who never had a kind word for you; you come to help such a miserable sinner as I am. I do not deserve it." Faith said, "Papa, all your wrongs can be made right if you try to do better; you will now I am sure. I will help you; will show you the way, some day, but now we must leave you to others." "No, no, little Faith, do not leave me, your papa." "I must go, dear papa, but if you do right we will meet again. I am your little girl still. You do not need me now." "Yes I do; do not leave me, little darling, stay with your papa."

She rose up before him, and such a heavenly light was all around her; she was angelic, and raised her hands in prayer, "Father in heaven, I leave him in your care." Then she threw kisses to him and floated away up in the air with all the little ones. The little ones had remained very quiet all the time. I was surprised to see little Faith do as she did, but soon found out why.

He called for her time and time again, but no one answered. Again he was all alone—could not see us. Soon we noticed a man coming with hair so white and face so kind, who said as he came near, "My dear one, can I help you in any way?" "Oh, yes; I want my little girl." "Yes, I know, but you can not have her now." "Why?" "Because the lessons you have to learn take you in another direction. When all is learned you will meet her, now before." "She is my child and should obey my wishes." "Yes, she always did in earth life. Did you always obey your Heavenly Father's wishes? Did you do your duty to those under your care? Did you help the poor and needy? You had riches and could. Did you live a life that would call the angels from heaven to your side? I will let you answer." "Oh, no, but I do wish to do better now." "Yes, and I am here to help you; but until you have become free from all sin, and pure in heart, you can not live with your little loved one." "What can I do? Show me the way, I am ready to do anything to be once more happy." Taking hold of hands they passed to another place, very much like this, only there were a few flowers and a great many people.

"My friend, the first lesson you have to learn is, Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you. If you see any one here who is more unhappy than you, help him; tell him of what you have seen and what you are promised; by so doing you accomplish what you should have done before you came to Summer Land. You will now have to do what you left undone on the other side."

The angel then stepped out of his sight, but near enough to look on. The man looked around him and finally walked to some one who was feeling very unhappy and said: "How do you do? When did you come?" Upon looking up he was recognized as an old acquaintance; one who had in a great measure been to blame for some of his wrong-doings. He was greeted with, "Oh George, is that you? Help me out of this place; I want to go back and tell my wife how sorry I am for what I have done; can you help? Do so if you can; I am sorry for what I did so many times, and wish I were in a better place if they have any here." "I have not been here long and do not know as I can help you, but will try. I am as unhappy as you can be;

perhaps we can help each other." They did so, each being lifted up in the effort to do good to others and finally passed into higher conditions, but it would be a long time before he could reach the state of happiness that little Faith was in.

We left these boon companions here and returned to little Faith's mother, and there found our little darling hovering over her, giving sweet thoughts and appearing to her often while at rest—in dreamland as the mother supposed; yet as real as life.

The mother and little darling brother were coming to us very soon. We all saw that a fatal disease that was sweeping many from earth life would claim them for its victims, and little Faith could hardly wait to welcome her loved ones into the new life where all would be so happy—while on the bed of sickness and suffering the mother talked of heaven and her dear little Faith—"would they meet there?"

The little brother passed away one day before the mother, and we received both of them in our home here. Susan and little Faith gathered a great quantity of flowers and made a couch, which was placed in our house. The couch first was covered with pink satin—pillow of beautiful lace—also a canopy of thin goods, drawn back so as to form a room all by itself. The steps to the house were covered with pink and white roses; inside the house was decorated with flowers very profusely. After all was complete, we three returned to little Faith's mother and found that the change was near. Little Faith stood at one side of the bed; Susan and myself at the other. Many friends were there doing what they could to relieve the sufferer. Just before leaving the body she opened her eyes and bid them all good-bye and went to sleep. Little Faith passed to the foot of the bed, and a red light formed all about her. All at once her mamma opened her eyes, rose up to a sitting position; looked at little Faith and said, "Oh, my darling little Faith," then laid down and was no more to those around her.

As the spirit leaves the body, the chill of death to the mortal creeps up from the feet to the brain; the new formation was distinctly seen by us. After the spirit had fully left the body, she remained standing as if waiting for some one; then there came a few minutes of rest or unconsciousness to the spirit. In that condition we surrounded her and bore her away to our home in the spirit world, and placed her upon the couch beside her little boy who passed away a few hours before, and was yet in an unconscious state; we desiring him to be so held, that mother and child would realize no separation.

Little Faith was holding her mother's hand—all now waiting for both mother and brother to return to consciousness. Soon the mother awoke and recognized her darling Faith, at once, but did not know where she was—looked by her side, there was her darling boy, and said, "My darling, how came we all together, and where are we?" "Oh, mamma, you are in heaven, where there will be no more parting in tears and sorrow." "My darling, is it really you?" "Yes, all me, aren't you glad? I wish brother would wake up."

The mother arose partly from the couch and looked all around; in so doing saw us. We had drawn back a little so that they would be alone. "Little Faith, who are they?" "Oh that is my other papa; he is so good; he has done most all of this for us; and the lady is an angel, one you will love so much, mamma." We walked up to her; she reached out her hand and said, "I do not understand it yet, but you are very kind. Am I always to be here with my darling children?" "Yes, you are now one of us."

Little Faith now made passes over the little brother and he awoke, calling for his mamma, and she took him in her arms so natural that he did not know of any change; he is too young to understand what has taken place. He said upon looking around, "Pretty, pretty—mamma, tee pretty sings." Little Faith is now perfectly happy. Soon the mother rose from the couch and we all passed out doors to look at the beautiful scenery around us.

Susan bid us good-bye for a time, as she was called to some place, to once more lift up the suffering. I remained for some time, as the mother had a great deal to tell and needed advice. I asked little Faith if she did not think she had better remain always with her mother and brother; they would need some one to show them the way we do things here. "Oh, yes, but what will you do? I promised to be your little girl, but I did not think my mamma and brother were coming so soon." "Yes, dear, I know that, and I can find another little one, I think, and your place is by your mother's side now. So I will leave you all here and go to 'Summer Valley.' Please make yourselves at home here, for this is your home until you can find one you like better. What shall I tell the little children for you, little Faith?" "Oh, tell them that I am so happy, because my mamma and little brother are here with me, and ask them all to come and see them." So I left and soon found myself in "Summer Valley."

I stopped and looked at the children; it made me think of a lot of little chickens, all busy hunting after something; here and there was a mother watching over them, explaining this and that; for out doors is where they learn their lessons. No poorly ventilated school houses here

for our little ones. Soon they saw me, and what a change took place; each stopped and picked up something to show and came running up to meet me, with, "Hello! how is little Faith? Where is our little Faith?" Until I was fairly puzzled to know what to say, but succeeded after a time in getting a word in—such chattering, like a lot of little birds.

This place suited me, and I made up my mind to remain for some time and did so; found Libby here very happy and contented. The little ones would coax me to sit down and then would fix me up pretty as they thought, and if that had been a possibility they would have succeeded in doing so. They would cover me with flowers and vines; hung flowers on my ears for "earrings." I asked if she was not a little proud? She said, "Yes, ain't you?" I did not know, but she said, "Oh, yes, you look as though you was, but I just love you lots."

I finally thought I had better return, but they all said that they needed a grandpa so much, and if I would stay they would give me much to do; which I did not doubt, as I had been there for some time and had been on the go every minute. I enjoyed it very much, however, and told them about little Faith having to remain with her mamma, and had really come for another little girl. Did they know of any? Well, I never saw such faces, they all got up and arranged their dresses; fixed back their hair and said, "We will every one of us go; can we?" I really would like to have some one choose for me as I loved them all.

Finally I decided to take four—two little girls and two little boys. Now I said, "which will come?" Two little boys came forward and said, "Do you think we will do?" "Yes, I would like to have you come." And then two little girls came in the same way. The girls' names are Dottie and Nellie. Dottie is four years old; Nellie is thirteen. The boys' names are Clemey, eight years old, and little Joe, six years old.

I told the children that I would come back after a time and take them to the place we went to. I delivered little Faith's message, and then we bade them all good-bye, and I returned to Susan's home with my family of four beautiful little ones. Before reaching Susan's I learned that I had my hands full with only four. Children here are just like any children, except that they never have any disputes; they are always happy here. Dottie and little Joe are about as full of mischief as they could very well hold, but I love them dearly. They would not get out of my sight, but such running and jumping, such times of learning lessons, such joyous times I never saw, except among children. Such questions would they ask; I did not attempt to answer all the questions. Little Joe asked where I came from—what made my hair so thin; he had not seen any one before with such thin hair: "You must have been very bad sometime." I did attempt to answer him about my thin hair and said that I was very old, and that was why I did not have very much hair. "Oh, well—all right then." We remained at Susan's home for some time; then I left them in her care and went to my place of duty.

My work here has been to visit places of punishment in the spirit world and lift up the poor souls that I find there. Having described little Faith's father's condition when he first came, it will not be necessary to repeat—when I speak of wicked places here, I simply mean the spot where the wicked go upon first coming here.

We have no places of sin here; every one is obliged to do right after a time; for if you have evil thoughts you find yourself all alone, where you can not do any harm. I remained in this work until I saw that your mother was soon to come, then began to build a home. We can see farther ahead than mortals can, therefore can tell coming events if not too far distant; hence, we can be prepared to receive our loved ones to our liking. I visited place after place to find one that just suited me for a home—finally came to a little spot that just answered my longings and pleased my fancy.

(To be continued.)

THE *Christian at Work* says: "A wealthy gentleman of West Virginia recently willed one-half his large estate to various church organizations; and these bequests have all been set aside by the courts and pronounced null. The old lesson comes up here—give while you live. In fact, only the living give, anyway. The dead only relinquish; and the giving by bequest is often a forced gift made at the expense of sorrowing relatives, and herein it lacks the chief essential of benevolence." The words "only the living give," are worthy of serious thought. We doubt if a man is entitled to any credit for bequeathing money for charitable purposes. The grace and glory of giving is in the self-denial which it necessitates; and there certainly cannot be much self-denial in giving away that for which one has no further use.—*Signs of the Times*.

THE *Norristown Herald* is responsible for the story that a Western man had applied for a pension on the ground that he was injured by a rebel ram during the war. The facts are, that, while a sutler in the army, he was violently butted through a rail fence by an aged but vigorous male sheep, owned by an officer of the Confederate army.

THE greatest Theorists are men having, generally, the fewest facts.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Singular Magnetic Sympathy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Horace Bell, of Los Angeles, who, early in the fifties, was a member of the "Rangers"—a military company organized in Los Angeles to assist the authorities in the extermination of desperadoes—vouches for the truth of the following:

Among the members of the company were two brothers from Texas, who had been attached to a ranger company in the war with Mexico. They were twins, and always went together, riding side by side in all the expeditions of the Los Angeles rangers. If separated only for a day they seemed lost. They were recklessly brave, and great favorites in the company. Several of the company, including Bell, afterwards joined the Walker expedition to Nicaragua. In 1856 the Marshall brothers also determined to become filibusters, but Wiley went first, leaving Green to settle up some mining business in Calaveras county, he promising to join his brother in Nicaragua in August. He did not arrive as expected, and in September Wiley took command of an enterprise known in the history of the filibuster war as "The hair-brained expedition of Wiley Marshall." A hundred mounted men, armed with revolvers, went sixty miles to attack a fortress defended by five times their number—a fool-hardy attempt only exceeded in stupid gallantry by the act of a Texas company in storming an iron-clad gunboat on Red river with double barreled shotguns. Just before starting out on this expedition Wiley called to take leave of Bell, and the latter asked, "When do you expect Green?" "I do not expect him," was the reply; "he is dead." "Impossible," said Bell; "you heard from him by the last steamer, and could have received no news since." "Green died in California the day before yesterday," said Wiley; "I knew the very moment of his death, and thought I was going myself at the time, and nothing but the excitement of this command could have sustained me under the shock." Thirty hours later Wiley also was dead. His command was cut to pieces by the enemy, and he bled to death from a wound in the thigh. Bell adds: "I afterwards learned that Green, the twin brother, died in California, on the very day stated by Wiley, and they were three thousand miles apart at the time. This is a fact; and I leave it to science to explain the cause if it can."

Yours truly, S.

Wonderful Transmutation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Nearly twenty years ago myself and husband became convinced of the fact of spirit communication, mainly through the medial powers of a lady residing in Jeffersonville, Ind., in whose presence spirits wrote freely.

A good brother in the church, on learning that we had become converted to Spiritualism, called to expostulate with us and to warn us of our danger. He being a warm personal friend, as well as a brother in the church, we took him into our confidence and gave him a history in detail of our recent spiritual experiences, and showed him the slates framed under glass, containing loving messages from spirit friends in their own hand-writing, etc. This good brother has always been so opposed to Spiritualism that he would not allow the subject mentioned in his family. He had, but a few months before, lost a lovely daughter, his first-born and favorite child. When we had finished our story he said: "I know you do not lie, but you must be deceived." We replied: "Go and see for yourself."

"Well," said he, "I have business that will take me to Louisville in a few days, and while there I may cross over to Jeffersonville and see this wonderful woman."

Suffice it to say, he went in cog, and had a sitting with the medium. The result of the first effort was a long communication from his spirit daughter in which she assured him that he possessed medial powers, and that if he would sit for development, spirits would soon write for him also. On his return we had an experience meeting and love feast, such as we never before enjoyed. At the close it was decided that he should sit with us in the quiet and seclusion of our own home for development. Great power was manifested at our first sitting. Loud raps were heard, and the room shook until the articles on the mantle rattled. The slate, which we held under the edge of a small table covered with a cloth, was violently jerked about, and the bit of pencil we had placed upon it thrown off. Several times this was done. Finally it occurred to us that perhaps the spirits did not want a pencil, and we held the slate without one. In a few minutes raps were heard on the slate, as if made with a pencil. When we withdrew the slate, we found writing upon it, though indistinct. But that was the beginning of what would have made a large volume of spirit communications written upon the slate without a visible pencil.

We kept up our sittings religiously for a year, during which time were produced, in our presence, a great variety of spirit phenomena. But our little developing circle, composed of myself and husband and our mediumistic friend, was all too soon dissolved. Our medium was called

to new fields of labor a thousand miles distant. Soon after reaching his destination he had the misfortune to break his leg, and was, in consequence, confined to his room several weeks. During his illness we wrote him, almost daily, words of sympathy and encouragement.

On one occasion I selected, from a small bouquet that stood on my desk, a fragrant flower or two and enclosed them in my letter, adding a postscript to the effect that they were my favorite flowers (white pinks and geranium leaves). I carried the letter, securely sealed, to the office; had it weighed and paid the necessary postage. The strange part of my story is, that the flowers were laid upon my friend's table twenty-four hours before the letter in which they were enclosed reached him. He was a stranger in the place and occupied a room in the third story of a hotel. He had been lying down, possibly had been asleep. When he arose he discovered upon his table apparently fresh cut flowers, pinks and geraniums. "What does this mean!" he exclaimed. "How came these beautiful, fragrant flowers here? No one has been in this room." The next day he received my letter. The seal was unbroken; there was nothing unusual about it except the extra postage. He opened and read it through to the postscript, which referred to the flowers enclosed. But it contained no flowers when opened. He wrote me at once, saying: "Are you sure you enclosed flowers, or did you omit to put them in after writing the postscript? Can you describe them accurately?"

The description I gave corresponded so perfectly with the flowers which were mysteriously placed upon his table, that he was convinced they were the identical ones that I had enclosed in my letter to him. He had them embalmed, and I presume preserves them to this day as an interesting and sacred memento.

MARY DAVIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Experience with the New Planchette.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Permit me to occupy a small space in your paper to give my experience with the new planchette. I made one according to the directions given in the *R. P. Journal*, which is substantially like the one described in the *GOLDEN GATE* by "W." I expected it would operate well, as my son Addison is a medium for physical manifestation of considerable force. As soon as our fingers were laid on the planchette it commenced moving, and the leg we had designated as the pointer stopped on the letters required. I called them, and a third person wrote them down. Our first message was as follows:

I was an officer of the army; my name is Crawford. As you know, I have lately passed to the home of spirits through the perfidy of the Mexicans, who killed me from jealousy because they thought I had captured Geronimo.

CAPT. CRAWFORD.

We had not been reading or talking about Capt. C. for some time past, and had not the remotest idea of what was going to be given.

A little experience impressed me with the idea that the planchette would work better with the legs out. This we found to be the case. We laid it flat down on the letter-board, cut a little notch in one corner to designate it as the one to point out the letters. This is an improvement, as it supports the hands better and glides smoothly over the board. In receiving messages we do not desire to write down, the board moves so fast that it is impossible to call the letters, or even to see what letters are indicated. In such instances the medium's mind is impressed with the words as the planchette passes over the letters, and when a sentence is finished the board moves down below the letters and stops, and the medium repeats the sentence. This is continued until the message is finished. Thus we get communications much quicker than they could be written down. We are much pleased with this method, as it seems to bring us in direct rapport with the dear ones who have passed over.

E. D. FRENCH.

POWAY, California.

A GOOD physical medium, such as Mrs. Foye, or Slade, or Eglinton, would do a grand work here now, as well as in other colonies. "There is plenty of fruit ripe and ready for plucking." Numbers of people are standing on the edge waiting, hovering between the fading of faith in church teachings and the doubtfulness of Agnosticism; and the physical medium would come with undeniable proofs, such as can not be got elsewhere, and then the lecturer boldly steps in with the beautiful teachings of spirit life, and the doubter would be made glad forever.—*Harbinger of Light (Melbourne)*.

REV. MR. MAKEPEACE, of Andover, Mass., gave the Congregational ministers in Boston some advice in discussing "the responsibility of the church for the entertainment of the people." He recommended that the church "spend less time in advertising the theater by preaching against it, and occupy their time in providing something better."—*Boston Herald*.

EXPERIMENTS have been made for some time at the glass factory of Atterbury Brothers in Pittsburgh to reproduce in glass an exact copy of the famous peach-blow vase, and on Tuesday a number of vases were blown which are described as being of the pure peach-blow color, and therefore very beautiful.

(Continued from First Page.)

can we predicate immortality. Man's descent into the sensuous world, or incarnation in matter, was, no doubt, for the purpose of the individualization of the soul and the development of creative or formative powers. This seems to be demonstrated in the progress mind has made in the field of invention. The creative thought of Watts, Fulton, Morse, Howe, Brush, Bell, Edison and a thousand others have transformed this old world and revolutionized society; made the wilderness and the desert places blossom with beauty and use; encircled the earth with bands of iron and steel; over mountains, across burning Saharas and under oceans and seas the thunderbolts of vulcan laden with thought have sped. Continents that seemed to each other like distant worlds and nations far separated in interest, and language have become neighbors and friends.

Having briefly given you the relationship mind and matter seem to bear to each other, we will now consider the relation mind sustains to disease, and the power it has over the ills of life. As Spiritualists you will agree with me that man, after the change called death, is clothed upon with another body, which will be impervious to disease and death. Why can not disease and death touch the new organism? and where does it come from? Is it ready made like a garment by our spirit friends, or by the infinite spirit, and carefully laid away until the time of need; or is it improvised on the occasion? No doubt the most of you believe that we are already spirits and have now the body that will survive the catastrophe of death; that this body is composed of a highly-refined and spiritualized substance that enters into and surrounds our present body; that a portion of this substance is derived from our present body, chemically prepared and spiritualized, and corresponds to its condition of refinement. Did you ever think seriously how this transformation from the destructible to the indestructible is brought about? Perhaps you never have given it a thought. Nevertheless it is accomplished by law. The organism that shall be made indestructible by the power of mind through the development, growth and unfoldment of the soul, but more especially in the unwavering thought, belief, hope, and faith that it can never die. Thus we make to ourselves organisms that are immortal, and may we not by the same process of thought, hope and faith make these present bodies at least healthful, so that we may not be forced out of them, but rather when they are fully matured and ripened we may doff the old and don the new at our pleasure. It is the office and mission of spirit or mind to refine and improve our bodies and make them fitter vehicles for spiritual or mental uses. Here comes in the creative power of spirit. We will not say that everybody exercises this power either in creating or improving the organisms which shall be the temple of the living spirit, either in this or the next sphere of existence, and the more is the pity. But we will say that many people do exercise it to improve their cattle, horses and hogs, and the results have been truly wonderful. The wild ferocious nature of the animal has been tamed and subdued—made tractable, docile, kind, faithful, patient, and even loving; and we, the boasted higher animal, cannibal-like, slay and eat them. Oh, man's inhumanity to animals! In the improvement of animals mind has accomplished its purpose. Can man, knowing the power of mind in this direction, neglect himself? No one, excepting, perhaps, the orthodox Christian, will for a moment believe that man can not be improved. Do any of you who believe that we shall survive the change called death entertain the thought that the bodies we shall inhabit will all be alike—refined and spiritualized. Your answer must be no; for if the teachings of spirits have emphasized anything it is that there are degrees, grades and spheres which, together with the bodies of the spirits, all correspond to the refinement, growth and unfoldment of the body and soul here. And they are teaching us, too, the great importance of attending to this improvement and cultivation as being necessary to the unfoldment of the spirit and the development of grand and beautiful temples "over there" for our spirits to dwell in.

Do not our friends, and especially the Indian whom we have robbed, defrauded and driven from his home, come back to heal us of our diseases, as a first step towards a higher growth? and have we not been told that higher phases and greater manifestations should come to us? Have they not also told us that he who had all of his faculties unfolded, passions and appetites subdued, and the whole nature under the control of the spirit or higher self, with a healthful body and vigorous mind, occupied the highest possible state or condition to be attained in this life? We are spirits now and here, and we possess more power than many who have passed beyond. If they have power to control us, and heal us, and through us heal others, as they surely do, we have power to control ourselves and heal ourselves and others, if we only know how. We know that spirits heal many a sick mortal without the use of medicine, or even medial contact. Such spirits understand the mental process of healing.

It has been stated that mind-cure is a higher phase of Spiritualism. This is true, and the philosophy accompanying it, is Spiritualism itself. It is not Spiritism nor phenomenalism. It is a science and phi-

losophy which teaches us how to control ourselves, how to heal ourselves, how to grow and unfold into healthful, grand and noble beings. It teaches us that soul culture or individualization of spirit is the great object of the spirits' incarnation. It teaches that man as to his spirit is a part of the infinite spirit; that the infinite spirit pervades and suffuses matter as the sunlight suffuses the earth, and hence the body of man is suffused by his own spirit, as the earth and all worlds are by the infinite spirit. In the process of individualization or soul building, man opens his eyes upon the outer world, and imbibing the false theories of the religious teachers, he soon begins to think that this outer material body and world is all there is, and the spirit of this world, whose name is selfishness, greed, hate, war, murder, and lust, takes control, and leads him until he forgets his divine origin. You will ask why the infinite spirit permits man, the offspring, to wander away from its divine parentage. It can never get away from its own spirit. Spirit never coerces. It is patient and waits, knowing that the soul, though it wanders away and feeds upon husks with the swine, will sometime come to itself, and return to its father's house. Our spirits speak to us in a thousand ways, and tell us of a better way, which we sometimes heed, but more often turn a deaf ear, and are obliged to feel our way back to the light and truth, through sad and bitter experiences, and the saddest of these is disease and death. What is disease? Etymologically it is *dis-ease*, which means discomfort, disorder. Whence came disease into the world? You will be told that it is a natural condition of matter; that mutation, change, decay and disintegration is an inherent quality of matter. True, but this does not imply that disease is a necessary quality. We know that compound organisms do change, disintegrate and fall back to their primary elements, without any disease ever preying upon them. Indeed, this is the law, the rule, and disease the exception. The vegetable forms mature, and ripen and fall back naturally, without disease; animals the same, as a rule, unless abused by men. Why should man be an exception to this rule? Is it because he has sinned? Yes; but not in the theological sense, but in accepting the theological doctrine that man, in consequence of one man's sin, must be sick and die. It is this belief and the further one, that an eternal hell of torment awaits him after the grim monster is through with him. Is it any wonder that the poor souls tremble with fear—"and fear hath torment,"—and feel anything but at ease or comfortable. The opposite of ease and comfort is disease and discomfort. If any one can believe the story of man's fall and its consequences, as theologians teach it, and not have the chills or fever, or both, he must be either insane or an idiot. Why! it makes one shiver to think of it. Do you not see that it is this educated belief, but above all the fear of disease and death that has brought disease into the world. One possessed of fear is a coward; he trembles and cringes before every object his excited imagination may picture as a foe; fear dissipates his strength, his vitality and his manhood, and he falls an easy prey. About one year ago the cholera raged fearfully in Spain, until the mortality reached three thousand or more per day. About this time Bismark seized a little island belonging to Spain, when the Spaniard "got up on his ear," aroused his courage, forgot that he was sick and the cholera rapidly disappeared. Thus fear and a false education and belief, and a want of the knowledge of the laws of spirit, and its relation to matter, is the prolific source of disease. The remedy is to call a halt, and right about face, we are going the wrong way. Eradicate the false, and truth will flow in. Dissipate ignorance with education; banish fear and false beliefs; ignore evil, sin and disease; eradicate from the mind all disease and discomfort, and the opposite, ease and comfort will flow in. Let go of all that disturbs and annoys you. Cherish a hope, a faith, and a calm and serene trust in the infinite life, which is health, in the infinite good and infinite love which encircles and enshrines you through your own immortal spirit. Do this, and disease must go. Spirit, the real man, the I, the me, the ego, is coming to the front. Spirit never gets sick. The I, the ego is never diseased; and it is determined that its instrument shall be healed. When it can banish the spirit of this world, which has held dominion over the soul, and assume control, disease will go.

We cannot give in so short an essay the *modus operandi* of mind-cure, or mental healing, or perhaps more properly, *spirit healing*. We can only throw out a few thoughts that may serve to attract your attention and lead you to a fuller investigation.

We are spirits, individualizing or soul-building in this outer or sensuous world. Eternal life is the infinite condition of spirit. There is no death! That which seems such to our sensuous observation, is but a manifestation of life, the bursting of the trammels of sense and liberating the spirit. An intellectual perception and a spiritual recognition of this grand truth will enable you to banish fear and false beliefs, ignore evil and sin, sickness and pain, to assert your selfhood, and put under foot your last enemy—death.

JOE COOK says that if he had a dog that smoked he would shoot him. If a dog really belonged to Joe Cook he would probably welcome death.—*Washington Hatchet*.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

More Kind Words.

With the Oregonian I must say the GOLDEN GATE comes nearer up to the standard of correct and interesting journalism than any other in the spiritual field. I also am familiar with the several issues inspired by our "light." I do not intend by saying this, to draw any comparisons, for almost all are a credit to the cause, especially the *Spiritual Offering* with its fine correspondents and contributors; it certainly has reached a high point in quality and appearance, and I am getting to be quite attached to it, but it has been some years getting there. It has grown amazingly since it was born, and seems to me perpetuity is indicated in it. I certainly hope so; but the GOLDEN GATE is hardly a year old; like Minerva out of Jove's forehead, it started perfect *cap a pie*. As it was in its beginning, is now, and I feel in my bones, will continue. It struck me favorably the first time I saw it, not particularly because I saw some selections from "Shadows" in it; perhaps because my friend, Dr. Crane, spoke a good word for it, who speaks, I see, in the number before me. I was a little set up by the said *shadowy* selections, and the "sunshine" was more manifest in them, by the general typical surroundings. Soon after that I was told that the editor "had been there before;" that he was no novice, as the saying is, knew how to keep a hotel; that is, run a newspaper. Editors, like poets, are born, not made. Now, every number, as it weekly heaves in sight, has continued to suggest just such comments as our Oregonian brother has given expression to in the number, May 1st, now shining on my table. I am glad his name is Reed; it is a fitting as well as a suggestive one. This much then for introduction. I will let this number of the GOLDEN GATE inspire the rest of this article, not that it is an unusual one, only it is the one before me and off of which I have made a hearty meal, and I feel the fuller for it.

First, on the inside is the leader, calling attention to Dr. Crane's careful observations of phenomena, antedating the "dawning light" of 1848. How fully I endorse those editorial comments, that all the witchcraft ideas, legends of haunted houses and haunted men, the ghostly or weird mysteries found in every family or tribe, were all efforts in the past, of an intelligent, invisible spirit world to open up a communication with humanity in this world; proving that the gates were always ajar, but the church had made us stupid. As we look back now with the eyes of modern Spiritualism, we see intelligences were trying to make the statement "that there is a divinity that shapes our ends," to be something more than sentimental poetry, but an actual fact. Perhaps a short quotation from "Shadows" will appropriately fit in here, where the Indian spirits say:

"We reached humanity in your grand sire's day, Aided by spirits bright who shew the way; We had the strength. Then mortals were possessed."

As witches burned, and other ways distressed, Liking our sensitives, we soon retired, Waiting until our service was desired. Thus came a solstice to this "Dawning Light," Again we come, conditions being right, To manifest to you this glorious truth, That death is life, and age immortal youth. We "red-skinned" souls, to nature fondly drawn, Are doing work as spirits of the morn; All mediums are strengthened by our aid, And better manifestations now are made. Blest be the form, when aided by our race, That made it possible in this age to trace, Intelligent connection in spirit life, With lover, brother, sister, friend or wife, Whom you thought dead, and thus have found That no man ever molders under ground. Then o'er the wide earth let the "Peace-whoop" sound.

The spirits have triumphed! the lost are found!"

I would have been sorry if the little Fox girl, when she discovered that old "Split-foot" could both hear and count, that it was a new phenomena, that it was the first sensuous intelligence of another life, besides this material one. Gravitation existed before Newton saw the apple fall, and the perpetuity of spiritual intercourse as an enduring institution is its connection with the mysterious phenomena of the past; ignored by the scholarly and scientific, but commanding a semi-respect by the intuitive, even if not believed in as actual facts. "No one now believes in ghosts," said Madame DeStael, "but we are all afraid of them, nevertheless." Is it not a pleasant circumstance, after finding that old "Split-foot" could hear and count, leading to phenomena so widespread and so well testified to, that the Rev. M. J. Savage said lately, from his pulpit, that "to establish the claim of Modern Spiritualism, there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatsoever." That throws a lustre of respectability on all the sacred and profane legendary mysteries, changing them from old wives' fables into ancient history and least possible facts, thus wiping out the supernatural, making both ancient and modern phenomena in harmony with natural law.

Is it not a relief to feel that many of the world's idols, and some of our own ancestry also, need not be apologized for their superstitious ideas or weakness of mind, but that their supposed idiosyncrasies had a solid, perhaps sensuous, foundation; that rough, wise, old Dr. Johnson, merciless as he was to shams, but who believed firmly in the Cocklane ghost, and in second sight, and now in the light of to-day such a belief was no imbecility, but more evidence of sense than those

had who laughed at him; that Sir Walter Scott who never wrote a line that he was sorry for, yet so full of superstitious lore, and who said also that he really saw Lord Byron after he was dead and buried. Once we thought such were lines that he ought have been sorry for, but we do not think so now. Then Bob Southey, the poet laureate, who wrote a book relating his interviews with Sir Thomas More who was beheaded by Henry VIII. Macauley criticised him pretty severely, and his strong point was that Sir Thomas talked in modern English and was acquainted with current affairs though he had been dead over three hundred years. We once thought the Baron had him solid; we do not think so now, and the poet laughs last! So we might go on from the days of Samuel in sacred history and the days of Numa and Socrates in profane, and with the light of the modern phenomena warm the ancient fables up into possible facts, making a warm living universe out of a cold dead one.

I am glad Brother Crane has jogged thus his memory and recorded manifestations that occurred before 1848. My own family and ancestry have long memories, and it is a pleasant circumstance to me that what was once superstition is to me now natural and true, and I am firmer in faith in the present because it illuminates and endorses the supposed weaknesses of the past.

I am giving you and Dr. Crane too much attention to be able to carry out my intention of commenting upon the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, but it would take the whole paper to do it justice. There is Mrs. Watson's discourse; also the usual "Gems of Thought," an article on re-incarnation. I am not drawn kindly to that latter subject, for I don't want it to be true; but, logically, one can't get away from it, so I turn ostrich and give my thought to something else. I like very much your strong statement or "proof positive" of materialization in the parlors of Mr. Fred Evans. I have had such palpable proof myself, and the closing remark that "mediums will lose nothing by demonstrating their gifts to the satisfaction of the editors of their spiritual papers," is to my mind exactly correct. There is a growing disposition to do so; and the time has come when those who do not must give place to those who do. The fact that some have done so the past year to me—and it seems as if it was a spiritual influence—has made me write very strongly in their favor and on the materialization phase. I am not an editor, but my penwork has been pretty widely read, and the autographic thanks I have had from all parts of the country, particularly the past six months (when I have not troubled the *Banner* very much), is very gratifying. I aim to be cautious; I want to be fair. I am sure I am honest and not deluded; have no ax to grind, and I know the dictionary meaning of proof. I will close this GOLDEN GATE inspiration by saying with others that I like its way of putting things.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

May 8, 1886.

Letter from John Brown, Sr.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

THE GOLDEN GATE comes laden with many good things. The hand-writing on the slate is but the beginning of the good work. The angels have arranged for the good work to continue that they may impart a knowledge of the new life they are in. It is a continuation of the writing on the wall, and needs no Daniel to interpret it. It is an evidence that there is no silent dead; that all, all is life immortal. Our spirit friends have long been furnishing MSS. for the press, and have now devised a new way to get a better hearing, and thus place within the reach of all a knowledge of man's eternal duration and his own responsibility for the acts of his earth life. Then let us profit by the lessons taught us, and live in harmony with the golden rule, and thus make our earth life the beginning of our heaven.

My recent trip to San Francisco to visit friends was one of pleasure, and I hope soon to meet them all again on the campground in one grand band of harmony, where all who have left selfishness and animosities behind can have pleasant and profitable communion with those loved ones whose earthly forms have been laid in the tomb. Let us make our meeting a happy one with those who now return with loving eyes to look upon us, and gentle hands to clasp our own.

Remember, kind reader, that the tomb no longer holds our dead, for those over whom we have stood, saddened with sorrow, are not dead, and we have only to make conditions right to commune with them. Could you but realize how jubilant our spirit friends are at the victory gained whereby they can appear to us as of old, and communicate with us in their own hand-writing so that all can read, no pains would be spared to make conditions right and thus aid them in their good work. To do this, mediums should cease their bickerings and combine in one harmonious band of faithful and fraternal workers.

Fraternally,

JOHN BROWN, SR.

SAN BERNARDINO, May 12, 1886.

THAT was a ghastly joke that a sinful chap in a southern town played on a stranger whom he promised to introduce to a rich planter, and then took him around and presented him to a leading undertaker.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought.

By J. J. OWEN,

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studios application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Cleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

Sellah man is ever seeking for an excuse to evade his responsibility to his fellow-men. Hence, the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is ever rising in the heart; and so we shut our ears to the pleadings of distress—to the many demands and claims upon us as members of one family, whose interests and destiny are inseparably interlinked,—and go our separate ways through life alone. We leave the weak and overburdened to struggle on unaided, and "the cause that needs assistance" is often left to languish for the help we could readily bestow.

We can not with proper regard for our own spiritual welfare separate ourselves from our common humanity—from the sympathy and good will that come of loving thoughts and kind acts. We can not wisely ignore the claims which the poor and unfortunate have upon us who are better able to contend with the hard conditions of life than they.

If this life were all, and existence ended with the last sleep,—even then the compensating joy of generous deeds—the blessings and prayers of a grateful humanity,—would bring ample satisfaction to the soul, if we could but realize how great the present reward in doing good to others.

But as this is not all, and the soul lives on, with memory sharpened by the clearer and more active energies of the spirit, how sad must be the recollection of wasted opportunities—of the good we might have done. How all-important, then, that we make the right use here of every means within our reach. If we have been successful in life, in a worldly sense, so much greater the responsibility resting upon us. It is then we become stewards of the living Christ—custodians of his earthly treasures.

We can not escape the conclusion that we are our "brother's keeper," in the highest sense. We owe him our love in his strength, our protection in his weakness. Our duty is never done while a heart hungers for a gentle word, or while wretchedness and misery exist in the land.

Only a little while and the clouds of the valley will cover "the last of earth." To many of us the race is nearly run and the goal in sight. What more we do must be done quickly ere clouds and thick darkness encompass our way, and we stumble and fall, to rise no more till the shadows are past.

And then, in the clearer light of the new day it will be well with us if we can say to our questioning souls, "I lived up to my highest ideal of right and duty—I did my best."

DON'T MEDDLE.

Half the trouble and inharmonious existing in the world come of busy-bodies' meddling with other people's business. Some one who doesn't like you says a mean thing about you, not intended for your ears, and which if you never heard would surely never cause a ripple to your peace of mind. But some alleged friend conceives it to be his or her "duty" (and it grieves us to say it is generally a woman who is thus overburdened with duty) to convey to you the unfriendly words, and straightway there is a storm in the air.

Now it is usually the case that only small minds and empty brains find time to gossip about their neighbors, and deal in harmful talk of any kind. Whatever they may say, good, bad or indifferent, of any body, carries with it not a feather's weight. Therefore, if people who are "talked about," would only insist that their friends(?) who come to them with an "unpleasant duty to perform,"—freighted down with the mean things which somebody has said—should take themselves hence, with a flea in their ear about the size of a grasshopper,—in short, if they were plainly told that they were meddlesome mischief-makers, it would be a good lesson for them, and might break them of a very bad habit.

It takes two people to spread a scandal—one to tell it and the other to listen,—and it is difficult to determine which is the more culpable of the two.

Some people are always on the watch for any unpleasantness that may be said of them. They live with their ear to their neighbor's keyhole so continually that they actually become morally round-shouldered. They are not happy until they know every mean thing that has been said about them, and then they are twice as miserable as before!

The true way to get along through this world is to treat everybody kindly—keep the best side of humanity constantly in sight—speak no ill of any one—think good thoughts—walk uprightly, and ever bear within your breast a conscience void of offence. Then if small people say unkind things of you, let them prate to the idle wind for aught you may care.

FALSE GUIDES.

Investigators in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, who surrender their individuality, and implicitly follow the dictation of the spirits in business matters—or in matters of human judgment wherein mortals are expected to rely upon themselves,—are very apt, sooner or later, to find themselves disappointed.

While it is no doubt true that spirits do sometimes interfere in business affairs—for instance, where some struggling mortal, driven to his last extremity, has exhausted every resource of his own, and knows not which way to look for help,—it is then that they may come to one's assistance. They have certainly done so in numerous instances that we could relate. But no one should plan his business affairs with reference to their assistance, nor seek advice of the spirits in such matters with a view to profiting thereby.

They can know no more, probably, than ourselves,—possibly not as much,—concerning our personal business affairs. But if they knew more, and could advise us to our temporal gain, they may see that it would not be to our spiritual advantage that we should profit by their superior knowledge. The accumulation of property is of infinitely less advantage to a mortal than the acquisition of spiritual treasures, that will constitute a permanent bank account for one to carry over into the next life.

If spirits would lend themselves to mercenary purposes—would tell us what stocks to buy, or what horse to gamble on; if they would inform us when to "sell short," or what numbers would win in the next lottery, we have no doubt Spiritualism would soon have a large accession to its ranks. But who does not see that this would be positively dishonest? It would be to eliminate the law of chance, as well as personal judgment, from business transactions, and place the buyer at the mercy of the seller, or vice versa. It would be the same in character as playing with loaded dice.

It is well for the world that the spirits have other uses for us, and a higher idea of their own mission,—than to be made catpaws for personal greed,—that is, the better class of spirits. Those who would consent to be used for the base purposes of man's earthly aggrandizement are not usually of a kind that it is safe to trust.

And yet, in face of the fact that many an over-confident believe in the ability and willingness of the spirits to further his worldly interests, has been led to his financial ruin, many others there are who seem not to profit by the lesson.

We should carry into the investigation of Spiritualism the same good sense we are supposed to apply to any other intellectual pursuit, never for a moment surrendering our individuality, and ever weighing all things by our own best judgment. We should also bear in mind that the growth and unfoldment of our spiritual natures—the cultivation and calling forth of our higher faculties,—is the grand object to be sought for, and to which all things else should be made subservient.

Entered upon in this spirit, and ever with an aspiration for the inbreathing of the Divine Spirit,—with hearts aglow with love for the good, and for our fellow-beings,—Spiritualism becomes a lamp to the feet, a joy and a comfort to the soul, beyond all that words can express.

A DISTURBING QUESTION.

There is no other question so prolific of inharmonious among Spiritualists, as that of spirit materialization; and yet it seems to us most unreasonable and unphilosophical that there should be the slightest unpleasantness, or unkind feeling arising therefrom.

The fact of spirit materialization is generally accepted by Spiritualists, even by those who have never had any personal evidence of the same—basing their belief on the testimony of those who have had better opportunities for investigation.

Who does not see that it is wholly a matter of evidence, and that every individual is a juror to weigh that evidence and determine the facts for himself? If from the same evidence, even, A and B should differ in their conclusions, there is no sort of sense or reason in their pulling hair about it, or calling each other hard names. Far less is there just cause for unpleasantness when different conclusions are reached through different evidence, or through different opportunities, for investigation.

Spiritualists should be reasonable on this question—agreeing to differ, if differ they must, but always in a spirit of gentleness and with an earnest disposition to obtain the truth.

CONSCIENCE.

What the world needs most to-day is a finer conscience, or perhaps we should say a conscience, since in general it does not possess one of any degree—at least, none that it recognizes as a dictator of its actions and deeds. Probably no one ever put a higher or nobler estimate upon this monitor of the soul than John Adams, when, after advising his son, John Quincy, to preserve above all things his innocence, he added: "Your conscience is the minister plenipotentiary of God Almighty in your heart. See to it that this minister never negotiates in vain." There are not many Adamses encumbering the capital to-day, and if the signs of the times do not mislead, there will yet be less. Conscientious men in this age do not often get caught in the political vor-

tex, which gives no time to mind and soul, but is all swallowed up in the one thought of the record to be made, socially rather than politically. There is plenty of form these days, but little of the old colonial spirit and conscience.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF MEDIUMSHIP.

It is all important that the phenomena upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of spirit existence and communion should be thoroughly understood, their laws should be defined and their conditions determined. To do this, mediums should consent to, and cheerfully assist in such experiments as are best calculated to strengthen and develop their own powers and demonstrate the laws of spirit control.

We are aware that the question of subsistence is an important one with most mediums. As a rule they are not overburdened with lucre. They must live, and must needs use their mediumship as a means of livelihood—just as the ministers of other religions live by their preaching. At the same time they should bear in mind that if they possess true mediumistic gifts they need not fear for the future; every reasonable want will be supplied.

It is for their own advantage, as well as the cause to which they minister, that they should develop their powers to their utmost; and to this end they should hold regular gratuitous seances for experimental purposes, at least as often as once a week. At these seances only such persons should participate as could give the medium the greatest strength, and at the same time make the best use of the knowledge gained. A record should be kept of every experiment, and of the conditions under which it is made.

John S. Farmer, in "Twixt Two Worlds," in which he gives a narrative of the life and work of Wm. Eglinton, the great English medium, informs us that during the eleven years from 1874 to 1885, Mr. Eglinton gave a total of 3,335 seances,—1,160 of which, or over one-third, were non-professional seances, given mostly at private residences and for purposes of scientific study and investigation. We may add, parenthetically, that of the total number of seances given as stated above, 2,483 were successes, 522 partial successes, and 330 absolute failures. The failures indicate the genuine character of Mr. Eglinton's mediumship, for if he was only a juggler he would never fail.

The author notes as one cause of failure manifest hostility to the subject on the part of sitters; but the most prolific cause given is the condition of the weather. The author says: "In foggy, 'damp, or thundery weather, or during extreme 'heat, or if there is any disturbance of the atmosphere, the seances are usually poor, if not 'total failures. The best phenomena have occurred in cold, dry, crisp weather." We are further informed that "for a long period Mr. Eglinton never gave a single seance on his own 'premises, and is still at all times ready to comply with any reasonable request of this nature."

We thus refer to Mr. Eglinton for the purpose of strengthening our argument in favor of instituting thorough methods of investigation with our own mediums. We believe that no other place on the globe possesses such favorable conditions for the higher phases of mediumship as San Francisco. Here is no sudden atmospheric changes, no electrical disturbances, no excessive heat; but every condition conducive to the best development of mediumistic powers. The most successful mediums in the future will be those who, like Mr. Eglinton, afford the best opportunity for the study and development of their gifts. And the time is not distant when only those mediums who submit their mediumship to reasonable scientific methods of investigation will be entitled to public confidence.

We are pleased to add that Mr. Fred Evans and Mrs. Dr. Beigle of this city, Dr. Schlesinger of Oakland, and Dr. J. Stansbury of San Jose, have signified their willingness to engage in a course of scientific experiments for the advancement of the cause. These experiments will be given in the presence of some of the best minds in San Francisco,—minds capable of close reasoning and careful analyses of facts. We are now arranging for these seances, the results of which will be carefully noted for publication in the GOLDEN GATE.

A similar circle, and for similar purposes, now exists in Chicago, before which have appeared Mrs. Richmond, the wonderful trance speaker, Mrs. Lewis, the independent slate-writer, and other noted mediums, the results of which investigations are carefully written up and published in *Mind in Nature*.

It is not proposed, in the investigations we are about to institute, to confine ourselves to the mediums named, but to invite all mediums—psychometrists, clairvoyants, trance mediums, etc.—to come before us, with a view to a broader understanding and demonstration of their gifts. These investigations will be conducted in a spirit of friendly interest in the medium and the cause they represent, and a desire for truth.

Men are at work on the camp-ground, putting up fences and arranging the grounds for campers. All will be in readiness by the 3d of next month.

ILLNESS OF DR. CRANE.

Hearing of the severe illness of our esteemed friend and correspondent, Dr. G. B. Crane, and fearing that he might pass over without our seeing him again, we shifted the burden of office work upon our assistant and companion, on Wednesday last, and slipped away on the morning train for St. Helena, a three hours' run from San Francisco,—and where, to our delight, we found our friend in his pretty country home, happily recovering, (thanks to a good constitution, the gentle ministrations of a devoted wife, and his own medical skill), from an illness that had carried him very near to the border line.

Dr. Crane is in his eightieth year, yet his grand intellectual powers show no decline. He fully realizes that he has not long to remain; but to him a future life, with enlarged activities, and a broader field of usefulness, is as much a certainty as his present existence. He is a clear thinker and reasoner, and a crisp and vigorous writer. We trust he may be spared many years yet to the cause of which he has so long been an able defender.

St. Helena is located in the upper portion of the Napa valley—a veritable vale of beauty,—and at this season of the year, especially lovely. Soon after leaving Napa the valley seems one vast vineyard, green and fragrant with the prophecy of a luscious fruitage, purple and golden, in the coming fall. It is a beautiful poem,—its pretty homes a song of peace and contentment. We wonder if the Summer Land is any more charming.

We also called upon that grand worker in the field of our philosophy, the thoughtful writer and lecturer, John Allyn. In these two men,—cultured, exemplary and successful,—Spiritualism has such brave support as any worthy cause might envy.

The few hours of our stay were all too brief, and we were obliged to hurry away, but with the fond purpose of another trip, in the early coming time, that shall not be so transitory.

DON'T SIGN IT.

Many are the snares set for the unsuspecting, honest farmer by city sharps roaming the country for prey. The latest swindle is a compound for painting roofs. The granger is given a few gallons as an inducement to become an agent for its sale in his community. A postal with the contract or order printed thereon is produced for his signature. After this, it has been discovered the dealers are at liberty to send any amount that they see fit, and this is in proportion to the person's ability to pay. If one prefers to test the validity of the scheme, he does not come out much better, as it is trouble and expense either way. Such dodges are short-lived, but for all that they take in many a dupe, and some to their ruin. There is more in a name sometimes than all take time to consider when it comes to signing printed commercial cards.

NOT EXPECTED.—The graduation of Miss Emily Smith of Peoria, Ill., lately, at the famous University of Leipsic, as Ph. D., the only woman in a class of four hundred, must have been an event in that institution for which it was not prepared, judging the manner in which she was treated. On account of her sex, she was not permitted to take a formal degree, but was graciously given a certificate stating that she had done all the work, and that she would have been given the degree if she had not been a woman. Since this remarkable event within its walls, the trustees have decided that there must be no more co-education there. The wonder is that she was admitted at all to such a conservative seat of learning. But the secret probably lies in its lack of faith in woman to compete with man in the educational line. The one experiment it permitted has had no present good result; but it is a subject for thought that will doubtless result in future good to the young women of Germany.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON.—Of the many mediums, and various phases represented in this city, there is no medium possessing higher or more benign powers than Mrs. Albert Morton. The good lady has had so long the companionship of spirits from the angel side of life, and her own spiritual nature has reached such heights of unfoldment, that on entering her abode you feel at once that you are in the presence of divine influences—in a holy atmosphere. One of Mrs. Morton's beautiful gifts is that of healing. She is guided in this by scientific spirit knowledge; teaches the patient something of the law at the same time she administers her life-giving balm. With the penetrating eye of prophecy she peers far into futurity and with minute exactness reads the history of "coming events." Added to these are psychometric gifts of a fine order. In these realms of thought and action Mrs. Morton is found a faithful laborer,—doing a grand work in a grand way.

"Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.—COLTON.

And to most persons, who seek fame, these post-mortem attentions and displays are more than sufficient compensation for living neglect and indifference. True, the world soon forgets its dead; but a man never knows how his life is estimated until he lays it down. Nothing impresses the public sense like the solemn pomp of a funeral, and human nature is so constituted that the thought of these after honors are soothing and gratifying. Those rare instances in which the deceased has forbidden all ceremonial forms over his remains show that occasionally one gets beyond human frailty, and catches gleams of that eternal pageant of imperishable glory that fills the spheres with harmonies and adoration of the blest and eternal fame.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford has recently given \$150,000 to found an "Old Ladies' Home" in Albany, New York, the home of her nativity. In such grand philanthropists as Senator and Mrs. Stanford, the world is doubly blessed.

AROUND WE GO.—In referring to a beastly licensed contest between a Welchman and a Japanese in New York city a few nights ago, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* propounds the conundrum: "Are we getting back to pagan times?" If it be true that all things move in circles, we will certainly get back to the point where it was once, but we shall not stop there; neither would we find paganism if we did. That, too, has been moving, and once in a while it throws off such relic into our Christianized midst as was witnessed in the classical Central Music Hall of Gotham, where culture is talked into the people, and great intellectual assemblies convene to be cultured. Oh, we are getting well away from all this. Only an occasional cock or bull fight and a pugilistic encounter is heard of nowadays. They will soon all disappear and better amusements and pastimes will take their places, to stay and improve.

YANKEE.—Latterly, this term is come to be a synonym for shrewdness and sharpness, but in earlier days it stood for what was good or excellent. The attempt has long been made to trace its origin to the Indians, but does not succeed, and now it is declared to be Dutch. In earlier colonial periods the Yankee despised the Dutchman, and the Dutchman equally disliked the Yankee; so, the Dutch verb, 'Yanke,' meaning to snarl, wrangle, hanker after, and the noun Yankee, howling cur, was applied with all emphasis to the New Englanders, as the most expressive term of contempt in the whole Dutch vocabulary. The nick-name has ever since adhered to the descendants of the Puritans. But its Dutch origin does not in the least concern the present generation. Their character is such as to wipe out all odium from the epithet, and to-day to be called a Yankee conveys nothing but the best import.

"THE DAY DAWNS."—This is the motto of the graduating class of '86, who gracefully bore the laurels of Irving Institute, at Bethany Church, Thursday evening. Their names are Charlotte E. Bodwell, Lilla L. Boole, Teen Goodall, Nellie G. Palache, Charlotte J. Rundle, Kittie R. Shearer, Nellie B. Thurber, Maude E. Turrell, Nellie Wilcox, Jeannette Wilcox, Sarah W. Scruggs. The Irving Institute, under the principalship of Rev. A. B. Church, has gradually grown in excellence and usefulness, until it ranks among the best young ladies' select day and boarding schools of the Pacific States. He has an able corps of assistants, and the training of the pupils is most thorough and the best calculated to develop in his pupils every womanly grace of character. There is no school we can more confidently recommend.

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Advisory Council, appointed to co-operate with the Board of Trustees of the Religious and Philosophical Society, are requested to meet at the residence of M. B. Dodge, at No. 8 1-2 Hill street, (between Twenty-first and Twenty-second, off Valencia), on Thursday evening, May 20th. A full attendance is most earnestly desired. Following are the names of the Council: W. A. Aldrich, R. A. Robinson, M. R. Roberts, Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, J. D. Wheelock, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, V. F. Small, Mrs. V. F. Small, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Amos Adams, W. H. Mead, Mrs. W. H. Mead, Mrs. Sarah M. Kelley, Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Mrs. J. J. Owen, Mrs. Frances Connor, G. H. Hawes, J. C. Harvey, Mrs. A. D. Wiggin, Chas. H. Gilman, Charles H. Wadsworth, Mrs. T. S. Cressy, J. L. Russell, C. W. Coney, Mrs. C. W. Coney.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Copies of "The History of the Origin of All Things," received and for sale at this office. Price, \$2.

—An error occurred in a Scriptural reference, in last week's G. G., wherein we said "2d Samuel, xxviii., 12-16." We should have said "1st Samuel," etc.

—A sociable will be given next Friday evening at the small hall of Metropolitan Temple, which will be the last before the Summer vacation. All are invited.

—No one likes to be laughed at, or told that he is deceived, or have his judgment questioned, in matters whereof he knows, or thinks he knows, by one that he knows does not know!

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans will give one of their wonderful materializing seances, at their parlors, 1244 Mission street, on Monday evening next, for the benefit of a worthy distressed lady, Mrs. Whitehead.

—Mrs. J. Hoffman, whose card appears on our fifth page, is giving some excellent tests of spirit power. She has not been long in the field of public mediumship, but her gifts are very highly spoken of.

—We desire to express our thanks to Dr. Cooper for his kind remembrance conveyed to us through that wonderful medium, Dr. Beigle. He is doing a grand work, through a grand organism, in alleviating human suffering.

—A good friend of Spiritualism, writing from Mountain View, enclosing \$2.50 for renewal of subscription, says: "I certainly want your paper as long as you have the management of it, as I consider it the best paper that I have ever seen."

—"Light," a Washington contributor, in a private letter expressing the pleasure he receives in reading the GOLDEN GATE, flatteringly says: "It is an incomparable paper, and should be the accepted standard of Modern Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity."

—Bro. Paul A. Smith has returned from a successful lecturing tour through the southern counties. He will leave next week for the north, taking in Eureka, Ferndale, and other prominent towns. He is authorized to solicit subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE.

Persons desirous of developing their mediumistic powers are referred to Mr. Joseph Williams, 114 Turk street, who is organizing circles for that purpose. He is said to possess excellent powers as a developing medium. He has a little daughter with him, only ten years of age, who is a fine clairvoyant medium.

Edward Brown, writing to the *Banner of Light* from Moravia, N. Y., says: "Morris Keeler, one of the oldest Spiritualists in this town, passed to the higher life on the morning of May 7th. He was in his eighty-second year. It was at his home that some of the first seances for the materializing of spirit-forms took place in this country."

Spiritualists and others wishing information concerning the garden spot of California, (Santa Ana, Los Angeles county,) are confidently referred to Mr. B. J. Salisbury, real estate dealer of that place, whose card will be found on our fifth page. We knew Bro. Salisbury for many years in San Jose, and can confidently recommend him.

Mrs. R. T. Bodley, of Portland, Oregon, in sending a year's subscription for the *GOLDEN GATE*, says: "All that have read your paper, like it very much, and to me it is like a refreshing drink of pure water, or like very good mental and spiritual food. That is just what I need. May God bless and prosper you in your grand work, is my prayer."

"The Unveiling of Isis," by Charles Latimer, C. E. editor of *International Standard*, and "Alpha and Omega, or The Mystery of Trinity in Unity Solved by Kaleidoscopic Symbols," by James A. Bliss, are now being published in the columns of *N. D. C. Age and True Keytone*. Send your name and address on a postal card to James A. Bliss, editor, South Boston, Mass., for a sample copy.

The whole world labors under the curse of deception in food, the vilest being that abominable compound called "margarine." The Danes have had so much experience with this false product that they have enacted laws compelling it to appear under its true name, all infractions of the law to be fined from fifty-four to five hundred and forty dollars. The best part of it is, that the enactment was forced by the agricultural element of the country.

What keeps the House of Lords alive is tradition, which is so far losing its spirit in these changeable times, that its abolition is talked of and confidently looked forward to by the outside world. One of these hereditary law-givers of Great Britain having gone to prison, and another having shot himself, it seems that it is working its own dissolution, and getting along quite as fast as its opposers could wish. What is not fit to survive, Time annihilates.

The *London Times* says that indifference or apathy with regard to the comfort of others is one of the most remarkable effects of tobacco. No other drug will produce anything like it. The opium eater does not compel you to eat opium with him. The drunkard does not compel you to drink. The smoker not only compels you smoke, but he does worse, he makes you breathe the smoke just discharged from his own mouth. In fact, he becomes a thoughtless two-legged animal, more disgusting than the quadruped.

"Distance not only lends enchantment," but interest that attracts investigation superior to that given to nearer objects. Every part of the moon's visible surface, half a mile square, has been accurately mapped. But our earth contains immense stretches of country that has never been surveyed, and of which we know little or nothing. The oceans of our planet have not all been navigated. The north polar sea remains in inscrutable mystery, yet luring men on to their doom.

All exciting things are contagious. The strikes, so long raging in the land, have finally struck the public schools. The first case broke out in Troy, N. Y. traveling west, taking in Columbus and St. Louis, with several smaller towns between. In the latter city when the demand was made for shorter hours and longer recesses, the Superintendent resorted to such immediate and practical measures as to terrify the strikers into the old order of things, and the epidemic died out in this line.

A gentleman of this city has recently developed a mediumistic power whereby he thinks he is able to destroy the appetite for liquor in intemperate persons. In the few cases tried, he has succeeded perfectly, and he would like to try his skill on others to see if his gift is a permanent development. In the cases referred to the subjects were made to loathe the very sight of liquor, the thought of drinking it making them deathly sick. Parties who would like to submit themselves to his powers are requested to send their names and address to this office.

There are some things that provoketh man to anger, like unto that a red rag inspireth in taurus. Chief among these is the Mother Hubbard dress. Another woman, a Burlington, New Jersey, woman thought she dared to go aboard in this garment, but came near losing her life in the fury of a mob. There is something dangerous in the flowing expansion of this style of gown, and if a woman doesn't understand its times and seasons, she had better shun it as a thing of evil, that is sure to bring her to grief. Women may one day be safe at its poles, but never in a Mother Hubbard dress.

Almost fifty years ago, Louis Philippe said that wine was the curse of France, and he could wish every grapevine destroyed, except for production of food. Certain it is that the vine has so far superceded the yield of cereals in France that they are but little more than one-third per head of the agricultural population of what they are in England. To so low an ebb has farming fallen in that country, that the Minister of Agriculture is preparing to establish several experimental farms in various parts of the country to show the peasant farmer what can be done in his own locality.

Philosophy of Materialization.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Having read the various articles on materialization that have appeared in your paper at various times, I feel impelled to write the following:

Materialization is a known fact to all honest investigators of this class of spiritual manifestations.

The *modus operandi*, however, has not been elucidated; all the spiritual writers and lecturers have eluded this vital spiritual knowledge; they have taught and written *pro* and *con* of the effects as seen from material observation. The controls and guides of the mediums appear to be also ignorant of the laws necessary to produce the required results, and the forces used to produce them. What is really necessary is the education of the spiritual investigators into the laws of cause and effect, the unfolding of the spiritual forces of nature to the deific soul of man, that celestial translucent light of which we are all a part.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: The medium for materialization has a superabundance of sublimated caloric primates of alumina. The medium is entranced so as to be able to draw the requisite amount without injury; the spirit wishing to materialize clothes his or her spiritual body with this superabundance of sublimated caloric primates of alumina, and to clothe the spiritual body with this force is the key to materialization; for the spirit that is able to clothe itself with this force can draw all the other forces requisite; in other words, they take their places through the law of cohesion and become materialized forms, according to the power of the band controlling the manifestations, and also the condition of the minds of the investigators, for mind is light and light is the substance of the soul. All disintegrated matter is attracted to the light; therefore the light of the investigators being thrown upon the medium, the spirit band is unable to control the forces requisite to clothe the spirit with. As soon as the circle begins to sing their minds are withdrawn from the medium, and the soul forces or lights penetrate another sphere, giving the spirit operators the conditions requisite to formulate their spiritual manifestations, condensing the segregated particles requisite to produce a materialized form.

To have the power to dematerialize depends upon the power of the spirit scientists and also the power of the materialized spirit; for to regulate the disintegrations of the materialized forces requires great scientific knowledge and spiritual power, for they have to keep materializing while they are dematerializing until the form disappears from mortal sight.

Dematerializing in the cabinet in the dark is quite easy. It is the withdrawing of the minds of the spirit scientists; in other words, it is the withdrawing of the forces that produce the ponderable, liberating them to the imponderable instantaneously. Were this done in the presence of some persons it would cause a shock to be given to the medium that would be injurious. The cause of this is, they make a connection with the medium when the materialized spirit forces are withdrawn. In doing this they absorb the vital forces too rapidly, giving a shock that is liable to separate the material from the spiritual body. There are also spirit materializations in the daylight, independent of any medium; also in the moonlight with, and also without a medium.

All materialized spirits that have power to leave the cabinet have also the power to remove the curtain that the medium may be seen. They should be permitted time to practice this by mediums before giving public seances; but I will not trespass farther on your valuable time and space, hoping that we have shed a ray of light upon the subject of materialization that may benefit investigators.

W. CLUCAS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"There Shall be no Night There."

One eternal day, resplendent and serene, awaits the immortal soul upon its entrance into the higher and happier life. No storms or raging elements, no chilling winds, nor angry blasts, to mar its increasing delight and supernal brightness; but soft and balmy breezes laden with richest perfumes blended with sweetest and enchanting harmonies, greet and gratify the enraptured senses. Beauties never before beheld, burst upon the entranced vision of the bewildered but joyous arrival at this celestial abode. "There shall be no night there!" and "All sorrow and sighing shall have passed away." All the sufferings and disappointments of mortal life, all its darkness and gloom, its doubts and fears never to "molest or make afraid," but in their stead comes the glorious prospect and knowledge of the final and full fruition of our souls' most ardent longings, rounding out the complete measure of our exalted happiness. There in this beautiful and soul-satisfying home, its inhabitants never say, "I'm sick." O the free, unfettered and unrestrained condition of the disembodied spirit! Free as air, unlimited in its pursuits after pleasure and knowledge, with unbounded space for exploration and operation; no ills of mind or body to retard or detract from our progressive enjoyment or spiritual unfoldment. No night! No cessation of

pleasure, nor diminished happiness. No separation of loved ones, but the final and complete reunion of kindred and friends. There shall we realize the highest type of love, unselfish and eternal. Earthly ties, once so dear, will be restored and new ones formed, all to be intensified and perfected throughout the vast eternal ages. No night there! But from its brilliancy, we may borrow, to brighten our terrestrial abode, and the paths in which we must travel, while on the earth plane, until our sun shall set, and the longed-for morning of our souls' release dawn upon our spiritual sight. Then shall its divine rays fill our souls with brightness and delight. That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to understand. Is not such a prospect before us, that our glorious philosophy reveals to us, a sufficient incentive to patient labor and earnest efforts while we remain on this sphere? Is it not sufficient to lighten our burdens, to brighten our heart, and make strait the crooked paths through which we should walk, as cheerfully and uprightly as possible? Earth life is but a moment, compared to the eternity of enjoyment promised to us.

Blessed be this glorious philosophy that has opened the eyes of many of earth's children, and revealed to their weary soul this haven of eternal rest and peace!

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES.

Jacopo Inaudi.

["T. W." in Light.]

SIR:—I am glad to find, by your number of April 17th, that Jacopo Inaudi has not lost his calculating powers. The first account of him in the *Revue Spirite* was, I believe, in May, 1880. He was then ten years of age. The number for that month contains a most interesting letter from M. Bouillac, of Beze, near Certe.

M. Bouillac says that, in his presence, "the boy asked a young woman if she would like him to tell her how many minutes had passed since she was born. The young woman told him that she had lived twenty-two years, three months, and seventeen days. The boy then held down his head, and in twenty seconds he gave the number of minutes. I took a note and made the calculation; it was exact. I remarked that the child did not think or seek it. He was simply very attentive; he listened. I said to him: 'My little friend, it is not you who make these calculations.' He looked me full in the face without answering. I repeated, 'I know it is not you,' and leaning toward him and lowering my voice, I added, 'I talk with the dead.' He looked at me, and answered with a satisfied air: 'Do you talk with the dead? You? Very well; yes, sir, it is not I; it is my mother, who is dead, that does all this for me, that I may get my bread,' etc. I asked him if he had told this to other people. He answered, 'No,' and said that no one had asked him; and turning round he cried: 'Ten; there is my mother; there she is.' I said: 'Ask her if it pleases her to see you with us.' But the spirit was gone. This poor child told me about his family, and much about his mother, whom his father beat. His father had forsaken him."

It would seem contrary to natural law that this poor mother should, when dead, have this marvellous calculating power, unless she had it also when living. We may suppose, therefore, that spirits with this wondrous faculty accompany this mother's spirit; or one of them may have even assumed this presentment of the mother for the child's satisfaction. How this is now, one would like to know.

Jacopo is said to have an enormous skull, which, perhaps, implies a brain proportioned to his work, or what spirits call "a good tool to work with," and probably no spirit could put this marvellous faculty into a brain in which the organ of calculation is deficient.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, May 23d. Morning service, at 11 a. m., questions answered. Lecture at 8 p. m. Subject: "Woman's Work in the Field of Social Reform." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Grand Armory Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m. (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening. Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nois

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The Second Annual Camp-meeting will open at Oakland on the 5th of June, and continue to July 5th. Our local speakers and mediums will be assisted by W. J. Colville, trance speaker, of Boston, and F. O. Matthews, platform test medium and speaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y. An afternoon and evening meeting will be held each day of the week, with exception of Monday. There will be a good restaurant on the grounds, and an abundance of tents furnished and ready for occupancy upon arrival of campers. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and participate. All communications should be addressed to G. H. HAWES, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

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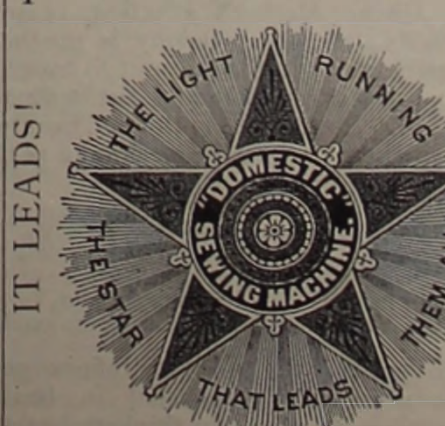
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The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

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Answer to Her Letter.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

When I think how hard it is to give up old theological notions or opinions, and with what energy and perseverance the clergy are at work to keep their followers under, and with what horror they look upon a freethinker or Spiritualist, it seems to me most remarkable that the cause of Spiritualism and the emancipation of the people goes on as fast as it does. I trust all that are zealous of good works will not falter but go on unto perfection. The people when they become satisfied that we really have something better than the husks, something that in addition to faith adds knowledge, will in time, see the benefit of becoming free men, free to take hold of any truth if it is contrary to former faith.

The great difficulty with many is they shut out the light and then declare they can not see clearly. How important it is to divest ourselves of prejudice, to look with charity upon our fellows, and then how clearly we can see that circumstances which we had no power to control have made us just what we are. How much we need to study into all the causes, all the great and small influences that have been at work to make us just what we are, and wherein we see we have erred we change our course, lay aside all useless and hurtful things, or thoughts and deeds, and carefully move forward in the light of truth and of God.

I received a letter from a sister of mine that led to these musings, and will give also the answer, as it may meet the need of many that are in doubt and still anxious to learn the truth of what we profess. I do not claim this to be very perfect, nor do I expect that all of the communications you see fit to publish are anything like perfect, but we learn of one another, and learn to sympathize with one another and grow stronger by the thoughts of, and words we hear or read, and what one might call poor reading another takes home and to heart.

THE ANSWER.

Why do you fear Spiritualism? You need not fear any Devil, there is none only that is in us; all good and bad; and as we are under the good influence in us so we find our heaven, and the bad our hell. The old orthodox idea of blood atonement is now to me horrid, and the idea of our being condemned for Adam's sin worse yet. I feel to throw off all such old shackles and stand out a free man as God has made me. Cease to do evil and learn to do well, and so find peace. Drop all theological humbug and enter into freedom. It has taken me some time to do this, and I feel happier and I trust grow better every day.

There is no freedom of opinion to amount to much allowed in the churches. They have their stakes set, and it won't do to jump the fence. If you do, out you must go or recant. The priesthood on the Protestant side, move ahead just as fast as those outside compel them to, and the Catholics stay close to their old ideas. The outside is what is moving the world morally, and has for a long time, and the clergy are and have been holding back on all the reforms. You have only to look back to see how they have fallen in with the public thought; it is a matter of life and death with them, and now they are still straining every nerve to build up new schools to teach and hold the people in bondage. When I think how hard it was for me to give up these old cherished notions, I feel as if those that had obtained freedom should talk, write and use all their powers to help these honest bound souls to freedom. Were they allowed their own free thought they would do much better.

C. LEE.

CERES, May 13, 1886.

[Transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

Visit to the Planet Mercury.

[Through private mediumship.]

A short time since I visited the planet Mercury, accompanied by Starr King and a lady friend who had not been long in spirit land. It was unusual for one who had been so short a time with us, to visit other planets.

For the convenience of being together, we were in a barge, embarking on one of the many electric steamers; we passed along, winding our way among the spheres of our planet until we came to space, continuing still on the current, we passed on until we reached the planet of our destination. We found everything very much as on earth; the same general laws governing all the planets, there is but little difference in their general features.

The height of the inhabitants of Mercury average about six feet for men and about five feet for women; it is about as common to find those that are eight feet high on the planet as it is to find those that are six feet on the earth.

The color of the inhabitants is black—none as light as our mulattoes, and many of extreme blackness. They have not made so much progress as the inhabitants of the earth, but they are progressing.

Their government is monarchical. They have kings and princes, and have buildings of great splendor.

In their religion they worship a creator. They have no knowledge of spirit manifestations or power, but recognize among

their number some whom they look up to as possessing intelligence and power, and to them they pay marked respect and veneration.

They have a belief that those who have been really good during their lives go to the great Creator of all things when they die. Others, who have been wicked, pass into animals and continue to inhabit their bodies until their sins are wiped out; they then are born again into the bodies of men, and becoming good, finally reach their Creator at their death. This belief is so general that they have great regard for animals and birds.

They have not made great progress in mechanics; they compress air as a motive power; they have a knowledge of the power of steam, but make no practical use of it, from a peculiarity of their atmosphere air serving them a better purpose. Their traveling upon water is done by means of sails or wind power.

The planet Mercury has a larger proportion of water to the land than the earth.

I saw no buildings which were used exclusively for worship, most of their worship being in the houses with their families. They have large occasional gatherings for that purpose in groves. They have fine buildings which are devoted to discussions and meetings for public business.

The inhabitants are fewer in proportion to the size of the planet than on the earth. They have many savage races and much undiscovered territory.

Mornings Between the Mountains.

[From A. J. Davis' New Book.]

Blessed is the man that seeth beyond the valley. His heart overfloweth with cheerfulness, and his mind is filled with heavenly meditations. Beyond the valley he sees into the coming age, when anger, and strife, and war shall have gone forever; he sees the era when calamities, pestilence, pain, sorrow, death shall be known no more. Intellect is proud, and worships only itself. But the spirit is wise, and it trusts in God. Blessed is the trusting soul that sings—

"When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree
That 'As my day, my strength shall be.'"

Weakness follows the faithless man. His daily path is beset with insurmountable obstacles. He falls beneath his burdens. But the man of faith worketh miracles. He rises beyond the credulities of inexperience. His voice is deep with power. He is calm; the sound of his voice is music; his presence is an inspiration. He speaketh the words of justice and love. Righteousness, and faithfulness, and loving kindness follow him, and they go before him, heralding his approach. He is a shield; a prophet of peace; a manifestation of the divine image. Beauty is the passionate manifestation of divine love. Flowers of beauty grow and blossom everywhere,—in the tangled thicket, in the wilderness, among the weeds by the muddy stream, within the arms of craggy cliffs, as truly as in the enchanting gardens and dwellings of the wealthy. Time overthrows the grandest structures erected by man. His magnificence is demolished by the tempest. But the violets continue from age to age,—tenderest forget-me-nots survive all storms,—for they crop out of the bosom of the Divine Love. Hidden deep in the unfathomable heart of the infinite Mother is the sweet secret destiny of every human heart. Enter that bright domain of immortal affection, therein read the scriptures of your birth and life, and the whole chain of causes in thy history shall pass before thine eyes like the successive revelations of an eternal memory.

Beauty is infinite goodness in manifestation. Happy is he who can behold in beauty the promise of Divine Wisdom. It is the one principal of sympathy running through and enchanting all things. It brightens all dark places. It enters with the soul into solitudes. At the door of the sepulchre it holds the love of woman captive. Pure as the dews of Paradise, it hangs its emblems upon the tomb, tokens of the eternal friendship of Love. It is beautiful in the gentle bird, in the fiercest beast, in the timid lamb, in the devouring lion. In the wildest hedges, in the deepest dells, upon the highest mountains, in the marshy places of the lowest lands, it springeth spontaneously forth with the Divine Mother's affection beaming upon its glad face. Beauty is the name or perfection; it fills the spirit to overflow; it is the complete and last testament of God. Shakespeare enthroned beauty as the mightiest revelation of infinite perfection. To attempt—

"To gild fine gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,"

Is to profane the spirit of infinite goodness universally manifested in beauty. Blessed is the man that thinketh beautiful thoughts. And happy is he who seeth the love of the infinite mother that spreadeth in the bird's tiny wing,—that lifteth up its joyful hands in the leaves of trees,—that sings in the running brooks,—that breathes forth through the fragrance of all flowers,—that maketh the firmament to blaze with stellar splendors, and which causeth the very hills of heaven to blend their voices with the chorus of the morning stars.

Cause of the Disastrous Cyclone.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The *Chronicle* was right this morning in saying that "the Science of Meteorology is too backward, as yet, to enable weather prophets to foretell accidents of this kind." And why? Because they ignore astral influence, which is the primary cause of all storms, earthquakes and inundations, by the knowledge of which the ancient Chaldeans could foretell these things.

The expense to the country in keeping up the weather bureau is great, while the bureau is nothing but a sham. It is a stubborn fact that a person sitting in his room, or way down in a mint, can with more certainty forecast the weather than the government meteorologist who is stationed on the highest peak of the mountains.

Earthquakes, cyclones, inundations, etc., are natural results of planetary influences, and which a mind adept in astral science can foretell to a day, months and years ahead. "What," some one says, "these little twinklers, what effect can they produce on our large earth, when some of them are so far distant as not to be seen with the naked eye?" Our earth is but a small "twinkler," also—a great deal smaller than some of those you see in the blue sky—each having his own orb to revolve, and each of these orbs bears relation to each other, the same as the wonderful continuation and operation of life in man, and as a disturbance in one part of the body disturbs all other parts, so a disturbance on one planet in our solar system causeth a corresponding disturbance in all the other planets in the solar system. And as the nerves and life of man carry the message or disturbance to all other members of his body, so the ethereal atmosphere connecting together all planets in space conducts the disturbance to each other, it (the ethereal atmosphere) being the material from which all worlds are created, and the principle of which is iron (magnet), and as the earth, and all other worlds are nothing but a solid mass of iron from the center to near the circumference (contrary to the theory of eternal fire and molten lava), and each receives its life and growth from the eternal light of the sun, each orb has its winter and summer, and like the moon, new, and then full. These are the changes that produce the opposites—positive and negative laws—by which all things that were, are, and will be, are governed.

When one half of our hemisphere has summer, the other half has winter. The one half is electrical positive, and the other half is electrical negative. The other worlds are the same. Now, when a planet whose positive hemisphere forms an angle with the negative hemisphere of the earth, they form a battery, and an electric current passes from the negative to the positive, thus causing storms; and if several planets form major aspects at some time, the result is earthquakes, cyclones, etc., according to the position of the planets in the zodiac.

From the 9th to the 13th of May there were very powerful configurations of the planets, which culminated in the terrible cyclone of the 13th.

On the 10th Venus was in opposition to Uranus, and the sun formed an angle of forty-five degrees with Saturn, and Venus was in parallel declination with Uranus on the 12th. Venus squared Saturn, and Mercury formed an angle of 150 degrees with Jupiter. This latter position was what caused the sudden change. Some are apt to say, these aspects are formed several times in the course of a year, and we do not see such results. True, but the superior planets are not always on or so near the equator; Venus and Uranus were both on the equator, Venus in four degrees of the celestial equinoxial sign Arius and Uranus in four degrees of the opposite equinox, sign, Libra, while the ponderous orb of Saturn on the north tropic, formed an angle of ninety degrees with Venus and Uranus. These ominous positions of Saturn and Uranus, which took place last summer, and which will continue during this and next year, will bring about such strange and unexpected results as have not been seen before by any person now living. It not only affects the condition of the atmosphere, but it influences the minds of the people in the same degree, for we are tied by the same immutable laws.

To-day is all that can be desired in beauty and serene weather. Why? Because on this day the sun forms an angle of 120 degrees, that of the trine with Jupiter and Venus is in parallel declination with Jupiter and Mercury, forms an angle of 144 degrees with Jupiter. Tomorrow, the 18th, Mercury will be in quincunx aspect with Uranus. This will cause a change about the 19th for a little higher wind. A storm will take place about the 26th or 27th, when the sun arrives at an angle of 120 degrees of Uranus. Usually there is warm weather about the 4th of July. This year it will be different; it will be cold, and in some places wet and stormy weather, not only in the physical but in the intellectual world.

DR. J. D. MACLENNAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 17, 1886.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY says that "women have more wit than humor," and Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "women have more humor than wit." Messrs. Holmes and O'Reilly are right. We have noticed this peculiarity of women.—*Norristown Herald*.

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A Diadem of Beauty.

(Christian Register.)

A few days ago, the fresh springing sod of a quiet town in Massachusetts was disturbed to make a last resting-place for the earthly form of a young man. Few young men of twenty-five could so easily lay aside the fleshly tabernacle, for to him it had been of little use for six long years. Yet, shielded by this frail bulwark, his soul had fought a manly fight those weary years. One could hardly expect less from a youth with the brave old English name of Percy Hastings.

While still in his teens, an active school-boy, full of life and promise, a sore accident befell him, which at once robbed him of his power. Instantaneous paralysis was produced in all portions of his body below the neck, and never since then has he had any use of his limbs or even any sensation in any part of his body below the head. A living death one would think it! Yet, says one who knew him, "he has lived to enjoy life in a measure, and to teach all who have known him a lesson of patient submission and indomitable perseverance, beautiful and inspiring."

With infinite patience, he learned to write by holding a pencil between his teeth, and found great delight in his correspondence. In the same way, he held a brush; and many charming pictures of flowers were the result of his more than ordinary genius in this direction. His heroic determination and sunny spirit thus overcame all obstacles, and not only made him triumphant over his great affliction, but developed in him unsuspected faculties and new avenues of happiness.

His head alone seemed left alive; but the heart beat warm and true beneath it, and his beautiful resignation and uncomplaining fortitude were a crown of beauty on his brow. A dear sister died, to whom he could not minister save with words of comfort. Deafness fell upon him, and left him in utter silence. But the brave spirit rose above these griefs. One hardly knows whether to marvel more at the mystery of the physical frame, that it could so long hold captive the soul in this broken casket, or at the power of the spirit, which was so superior to all earthly ill. It was as though the chrysalis had burst its wrappings here, as though the soul had put on its wings of immortality, unhindered by the bodily fetters that still tried to chain it. Rarely has the world seen a more striking instance of heart and spirit taking captivity and freeing themselves from bondage to the flesh. How, in the presence of such patience and fortitude, our own aches and pains sink into insignificance, and we blush that we have ever complained! A lame foot, a disabled joint, a troubled vision, a deaf ear,—what are they compared to the life of this youth, hurled at a blow, not out of this world, but into six years of an existence as trying as it was strange? But the brightness of his diadem of virtues was like a halo about his head,—a halo whose light may shine with enticing lustre on those who like him are striving to become victors over the flesh.

The Art of Inattention.

(Christian Register.)

The late Gen. Henry K. Oliver used to say that, as a school teacher, he had found it useful not to notice too many things that happened in the school-room. It is a good rule for the teacher to see all that is going on, but not to make the scholars constantly aware of it. A lady who has three servants to manage in her domestic establishment applies the same principle. There are some things that she is careful not to notice, especially not to notice at certain times. If she finds one of her servants out of tune, she is careful not to strike the discordant string. Not negligent or unconscious of her rights as a housekeeper, she has learned, nevertheless, that things move on much better when she exercises judiciously the art of inattention.

This practical rule is one which may have a multitude of applications in daily life. There are lynx-eyed people who would be better off if their keenness of vision were not made so persistently offensive to those around them. A sharp eye and a sharp tongue often go together. We speak not especially of that unwarranted censorship which is usurped by the busybody, but simply to suggest to those who are natural or legal censors may be a little moderate in exercising their unquestioned privileges. "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities," said the Psalmist, "who shall stand?" God, he thought, winked at a good many things that he might feel disposed to punish severely, if he judged men harshly rather than mercifully. There is a suggestion in that text for those who are critically or unmercifully watchful, who are always nagging their children or their servants, who do not know when a rule may be broken without any harm to the principle or need which suggests it. There are people who can never divest themselves of their sense of authority, who are so perpetually conscious of their right to control others that they do not learn how to control themselves. They never realize, alas! the luxury of withholding authority. It may be useful sometimes to have eyes in the back of one's head, but not unless there are lids that can drop over them. If the slow-sighted lose a good deal in life by not observing enough, there are those who achieve a good deal of pain from observing altogether too much. They are

made unhappy by what they see, and they make others unhappy also, by their sore-eyed solicitude.

One important element in the art of living peacefully together in this broad-minded toleration which is not disturbed by trifles, which is not constantly pelted offenders with a rattle of small shot, discharged conscience microscopically sighted. There are a good many things that the sharp-eyed sportsman might bring down, if he thought the game were worth the powder. Who has not seen the self-respecting magnanimity with which a big Newfoundland dog will overlook the ear-splitting bark of some little poodle that would like to obtrude its insult upon his attention? But the larger dog is not capable of being insulted in that way, and he passes by as if he were deaf to any such annoyance. It is exceedingly useful, sometimes, to have this dogged inattention on two legs. If people would only refuse to hear many things that are meat for their ears as well as a still larger number of things that are not meant for them, a thousand useless conflicts would be avoided. Deafness is an infirmity that may be judiciously cultivated. "None so deaf as those who won't hear," and none so fortunate, we may add, as those who have acquired the temporary malady.

We commend the art of inattention to all who need to practice it; to teachers with their scholars; employers with their workmen; housekeepers with their servants; parents with their children; to policemen who have a good many small boys on their beat; to horse-car conductors and their passengers; to scolding editors or their too critical subscribers; and to all those who are tempted to see too much and to hear too much and to feel too much at times when a state of passive insensibility is more blessed than consciousness. Alas for the people who always sleep with one eye open!

And does not what we have said apply just as much to the public scold or the public censor as to the private one? Let not the editor, the preacher, the legislator, assume that every single phase of the life about him requires his sedulous interference. Many of the occasions which invite his attention are magnified beyond all importance by his solicitude. And the occasions which disturb him may pass away, if allowed to do so silently, when any public clamor would only perpetuate the unrest they occasion. There was a time, if we may trust the seventh chapter of John, when Jesus, surrounded by some clamorous and not-over-virtuous critics, simply wrote in studied inattention with his finger on the sand. Was he a lax and over-tender moralist, that he did not take up and fling the stone which the Mosaic law put in his hand?

For the sin itself he had no palliation, but for weak and tempted humanity he could sympathize; and, whatever the text-menders may say, we would not gladly take out of the New Testament this picture of Jesus writing with his finger on the sand, with the significant comment of our English version, "as though he heard them not."

Haunted Locomotive.

(New York Tribune.)

Locomotive engineers are almost, if not altogether, as superstitious in regard to haunted locomotives as sailors are in regard to haunted ships. About ten years ago the engine Matt Moogan blew up while standing on the track of the Shore Line road near the station in Providence, R. I., killing the engineer. The engine was subsequently rebuilt and put on the road. On the first trip she made after being rebuilt she went tearing into Providence in the night with the train swinging behind and the sleeping town echoing to the shrill whistle. On approaching the station the engineer leaned forward to shut off the steam, but to his horror a ghostly form appeared at his side and a ghostly hand grasped his wrist and held him fast. When the station was reached the ghost disappeared and the engineer stopped the train some distance beyond. At least this is what the engineer tells.

Many people have not forgotten the terrible Richmond switch disaster several years ago on the Providence and Stonington road. A little brook became swollen by the rain and carried away a railroad bridge. The train came rushing along that night and was hurled into the chasm. Giles, the engineer, when he saw the danger ahead, instead of leaping from the engine as his fireman did, grasped the lever and reversed the engine. But it was too late. The train was going at such speed that the locomotive leaped clear across the stream, and they found Giles lying under his overturned engine with the lever driven through his body and one hand clutching the throttle valve with the grasp of death. Giles, when he came into Providence, was accustomed to give two peculiar whistles as a signal to his wife, who lived near the railroad where it enters the suburbs of the city, that he was all right and would soon be home. The absence of those whistles was the first intimation which was received at Providence of the disaster. When the engine which made the terrible leap on that stormy night was rebuilt and put on the road again, there was at first great trouble in getting engineers for it, with such a superstitious horror was it regarded. To-day there are people ready to swear that they have heard whistles, such as Giles used to blow as signal to his wife, sound through the suburbs of Providence, when no train was coming up the road.

Living Shakespeares.

(Whitwell Review.)

There is a tradition that John Shakespeare, the father of the immortal William, had a brother, who was a respectable yeoman, and resided in Gloucestershire. A gentleman of literary eminence once asserted that he could select the descendants of Shakespeare, the Gloucestershire yeoman, by the resemblance of the contour of their heads or facial outline to that of the bust of William Shakespeare in the church of Stratford-on-Avon. His power or ability to do so was disputed, and he volunteered to put it to a practical test. This happened more than fifty years ago. The gentleman heard that there were several boys of the name of Shakespeare or Shakspeare who went to the public school of the neighborhood. The two gentlemen visited the schoolmaster. The interview occurred outside the porch. "I have heard," said the literary gentleman, "you have several boys attending your school of the name of Shakespeare?" "I have, sir." "They are of various ages and belong to different families or parents of the same name?" "They do, sir." "Now," said the gentleman, "these children have the traditional reputation of being the descendants of Shakespeare, the great dramatist,—collateral descendants, or they are supposed to descend from the uncle of the great dramatist, who lived somewhere in this immediate neighborhood. I have a theory, or an hypothetical idea, or fancy, that, by observing or comparing the shape of the head and the face, I can select every boy in your school (numerous as it is) who bears the name of Shakespeare." "Perhaps," said the schoolmaster, "you have seen them before." "No," replied the gentleman; "I am a perfect stranger to the neighborhood, and have never seen you or your school before to-day. Well," continued the gentleman, "this is what I want you to do. Permit me to walk into your school, from form to form, to look steadfastly at every boy, and for you to send up to your desk every boy whom I may touch on the head, and, as soon as I have completed my facial and cranial scrutiny, to inform me how many Shakespeares I have found or selected from your promiscuous assemblage of boys." The schoolmaster assenting to this, the gentleman in the most contemplative and studious manner walked from bench to bench. The boys were in a state of anxious suspense. Some imagined the gentleman was trying to mesmerize them; and some of them thought they had been committing some terrible offense, and were being sent up for punishment. As soon as the gentleman had completed his examination, he walked up to the desk, accompanied by the schoolmaster and his incredulous friend. "Now," said the gentleman to the pedagogue, "please to tell me how many Shakespeares I have found." "Well," responded the schoolmaster, with a smile, "all the boys you have selected are Shakespeares; and they comprise the whole of the boys of that patronymic attending my school." The gentleman could not disguise his delight, but his incredulous companion was a little chagrined. "Allow me," said the gentleman, "to ask you one more question." "Certainly, sir." "Are they all of one family?" "No, sir. Some are brothers and some are cousins." The gentleman relieved the anxiety of the boys by a profusion of compliments and by sixpence a head. It is said that William Howitt was the person who visited the school.

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My Hero.

What signifies the outward show!
What signifies his wealth or place!
When we have learned to know
What we care for form or face!
What care we for name or crowd
That buried ages may unfold,
If under all we clearly read
The record of a dauntless soul!

If loyal to his sense of right,
If prompt and sure at duty's call,
He walks, as walking in God's sight,
His aim the manifest sign of all;
If helpful as the sunbright day,
If pitiful of others' woes,
He follows in the Master's way
And bears a blessing where he goes!

If, gaining much, he loses all,
While summer friends go coldly by,
He proved his courage by his fall,
Resolved to win the day or die;
With hope alive, in God his trust,
He keeps a spirit kind and true,
And rises bravely from the dust
To fight his weary battle through;

If, working on through pain and loss,
His earnest soul be not cast down;
He bears patiently his cross,
While winning steadily his crown—
The man's a hero! In his eye
The meek of love, which is his due,
No idle praise! but, while we live,
The wreath of bay! the knot of blue!

Face to Face.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonian schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
The morning of Truth be born;

But I, earth's madman above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night;

For I, earth's madman above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;

And still, earth's madman above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impeared
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat;

And I, earth's madman above,
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun,
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with loveless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the great and true,
More do they need our help and pity too—
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,
God help us all!
We can not walk alone the perfect way.
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

Longfellow's Tribute to His Wife.

[In the portfolio of Mr. Longfellow, soon after his death, were found the following lines, which were written by him in July, 1859, but were not made public until recently.]

In the long sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died, and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedict.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines,
Displays a cross of snow upon its side,
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast.
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Promise.

There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests tread;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

True Philosophy of Mental Healing.

[W. J. Calville, in "Facts."]—

Mind versus Matter is the great case now being tried in all the courts of learning in the modern world. Mind or matter, which? is the great issue of the day. On this one issue hangs all true science, philosophy, and religion. Temporalize as we may, temporalizing can not last forever, and a temporalizing policy is never a logical or conclusive one. Are we spirit, or are we matter? Does matter produce mind, or does mind create matter? These are questions we must answer; half-way answers will not do. Physics or metaphysics, materialism or Spiritualism, which? We can not have both; one must stand, the other must fall; both can not stand together, as they affirm diametrically opposing postulates. Spiritualism so-called, is often only a system of materialism with a fragment of Spiritualism tacked on by way of ornament; in other cases, it is a mass of erroneous theological dogma, with an illogical belief in spirit communion added by way of supplement. We do not wonder that this is so, as we can not forget the previous training the majority of persons have had before embracing the fact of spirit communion; but the endeavor to support, promulgate, and perpetuate so unsatisfying a creed must, of necessity, result in the utmost mental confusion.

Longfellow stated the truth in two lines of his sublime poem, "The Psalm of Life": "Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest, was not spoken of the soul." The point of emphasis needs to be laid on the third word of the first line in this quotation: "Dust thou art" was not spoken of the soul; it can not be truly affirmed of the soul; therefore, as an inevitable consequence, "to dust thou returnest" can not be spoken of the soul. Everything goes back to its original elements; a stream can not rise higher than its source; an effect can not be greater than its cause. Now, the materialistic supposition—a palpable error even on its surface—is that matter is everything; that the basis of all life is crude, unconscious matter; that the universe is governed by some incomprehensible, blind force which, without possessing any intelligence whatsoever, is capable of evolving consciousness out of unconsciousness; life out of death; spirit out of matter.

Our reason rebels against all such absurdity; no scientist worthy of the name ever propagated such trash. Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and a host of other noted men,—who, by the way, are only specialists after all, and excel only in their own peculiar departments of research,—disclaim materialism as much as Spiritualism. They call themselves agnostics; that is, they confess they do not know what the basis of existence really is; on primal causation they are confessedly ignorant, and thus leave the coast clear, and the road open, for all who can delve deeper than they into the mysteries of man's spiritual anatomy.

The first great affirmation of true Spiritualism, or genuine metaphysical science, is: "I am spirit, I am not matter; spirit is substance, matter is shadow; spirit is eternal, matter temporal; mind is immortal, the body mortal." Science, in its physical researches, may find a primordial cell, common to all organisms, and pronounce this the basis of all organic life; but protoplasm is an effect, it is not a cause of life. Labrack in France, Darwin in England, and others who have come after them, may have gone very far to demonstrate the truth of the evolutionary hypothesis,—and, indeed, the germination of the human fetus in the maternal womb goes far to substantiate this conclusion, as the embryo itself assumes a variety of forms resembling those of lower animals before the human shape is perfected; but all such facts utterly fail to do more than enable the student of material sense to trace the genealogy of form; the underlying principle of being is as much a mystery as ever; and we are confounded in our scientific colleges with the great, mysterious, unsolved problem of causation fully as much as when in the divinity class, where old-fashioned theology is expounded, we are told that "nothing" was the element out of which God made everything.

Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato—all the great minds of Greece with which we are familiar through the classic—have asserted that the soul itself, the individual ego, called by the Hindoos the *atma*, or seventh and highest principle in man, has always existed, forever will. We hear much of atoms, units, and primaries in scientific parlance; but what these units are has never been demonstrated, as they have eluded every physical research; and what is more, they always will, for they only exist in the realm of mind; they are living ideas; spiritual entities; immortal thoughts of Deity.

As soon as we cease to think of ourselves as matter, and regard ourselves as pure spirit, we shall have demonstrated our immortality to our own consciousness, and found the only key which will unlock the chambers of perfect health, rest, and happiness in our own natures. All is God, there is no Devil; all is good, there is no evil. Here is a central truth, a definite affirmation, expressing in a sentence the only rational philosophy of existence.

It is not our purpose, in this brief essay, to unfold in fulness of detail all the meth-

ods which metaphysicians of various schools can successfully employ, but only to point our hearers and readers to the central truth in the metaphysical system, viz., the absolute supremacy of mind over matter. When specially addressing Spiritualists, we have only to urge them to remember that Spiritualism begins and ends with the affirmation of metaphysical truth. What is a spiritual manifestation but a demonstration of metaphysics? Is it not mind over matter which occasions every phase of spiritualistic phenomena? Is it not emphatically asserted by the spiritualistic community everywhere that from table-tipping and mysterious knocking to full-form materialization, spirit is exerting sway over the substances of the material world? Read every explanation ever put forward in defense of spirit control, and you will find it a metaphysical argument. Let Metaphysicians and Spiritualists unite; they are never aliens to each other; they are fellow-students of the self-same laws of being. Like the bulk of those styling themselves Theosophists, mental teachers and healers are apt to lay particular stress upon the mind as it works through the material organism, and yet independent of it, to the disregard, and sometimes unfortunately to the denial, of the work performed by disembodied spirits; while many Spiritualists err on the side of overlooking the powers of the embodied human spirit. Let these half-truths be put together, then we shall have a sphere, a circle of truth, whose majesty and brilliancy will include all branches of mental science, and make us give credit where credit is due; we shall not then undervalue or ignore one portion of the truth, for no portion of the truth can rightfully be disregarded; as the guides of many a reliable spirit medium have frequently asserted, Mental Healing and Spiritual Power are one.

We therefore contend that no Spiritualist is consistent with his own system who denies the absolute power of mind over matter by reposing faith in material remedies, even though prescribed by clairvoyants, or persons avowedly under spirit control. The theory of Spiritualism has ever been that mediums perform their work simply as the instruments of the spirit world. This conclusion was firmly adhered to in the early days of the modern spiritual movement. A notable instance of this we find in the life of Dr. J. R. Newton, entitled, "The Modern Bethesda, or the Gift of Healing Restored," in which the claim is put forward that Dr. Newton, one of the most successful healers the Spiritualists have ever numbered in their ranks, was a living illustration of new New Testament healing in modern days. The true healer will always inspire confidence, will always create faith, even in the skeptic; "virtue" will go out from him, the sunlight of his soul will melt the iceberg of unbelief; demonstrations will inevitably follow convincing to the world, or at least to the sane portion of it which is willing to be convinced, that spiritual gifts and divine powers are living realities in these modern days. The only absolutely necessary qualifications for true healers are supreme devotion to the good of humanity, perfect confidence in the omnipotence of good, and a certainty of the unreality of evil, coupled with a sufficient understanding of truth to protect one from falling a victim to open or insidious error. The way is open to all: all who earnestly desire to bless their fellow-creatures, and can repose their trust implicitly in supreme goodness, which is eternal life, are qualified to heal and bound to succeed in their endeavors, for such a frame of mind, allying them with eternal strength, unites them with all beneficent powers in the universe, and causes them to become willing and effective instruments in the hands of the only power that can put discord to rout, and establish a reign of harmony on earth and in man.

SOME seven years ago there appeared in Paris, at a ball of the *demi-monde*, a woman wearing on her head-dress a dead bird. The bird had artificial eyes, and its wings and tail were spread out so as to give it a life-like appearance. It was a small, stuffed bird, not a bird's skin stretched on wires. Its introduction as an ornament in fashionable bad society was not received with much favor at first, although the wearer succeeded in attracting attention to herself by the singularity of her adornment. This was all that she desired or intended to accomplish by fastening a bird's corpse to her head-gear. She had not the smallest expectation that she would be imitated even by her immediate companions, still less that the whole world of fashionable good society in France, England and America would "fall into line" at her heels. Probably her only thought was that the oddity of her costume would serve as a striking advertisement, like "S. T., 1860, X." and cause her to be talked of among the males and females of her kind. Strange, indeed are the caprices of fashion. Seven years have passed by; and we find the eccentricity of a woman of the town become the craze of millinery,—so great and deadly a craze that State legislatures are considering bills to prevent the extinction of our song birds and of all birds not too large to be worn on the bonnets of women and children. Nothing more revolting to good taste can be imagined than the "remains" of an animal fresh from the dissection of a taxidermist as an ornament to a woman's forehead. The very suggestion ought to excite horror and disgust, as well as pity for the slaughtered songsters of the grove.

—Nation.

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